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Short Story by Graham Greene

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Four Million Answers to Mr. Dulles

ONCE again, Mr. Dulles has been betrayed by his own vanity. Perhaps he hoped that his pompous interview with *Life*, historically inaccurate though it was, would show that his tough foreign policy has been brilliantly successful. With his critics demanding a new and more flexible approach to the Russians and the Chinese, and with an election campaign looming ahead, what better defence could he make of diplomacy by deterrent than the claim that he has thrice cowed the Communists into peace? Yet the facts are wrong, and the policy has been irresponsible. The interview, and the subsequent explanations that Mr. Dulles has given, confirm all the misgivings which have been felt in this country for the last four years. Mr. Dulles has not been conducting a coherent foreign policy at all: in Adlai Stevenson's caustic phrase, he has been "playing a game of Russian roulette" with the atom bomb in place of a pistol.

The Eisenhower administration may be embarrassed by this revealing interview, published just before the Anglo-American talks in Washington. For our part, we welcome Mr. Dulles' account of his activities. Nothing could demonstrate more clearly the real weakness of western foreign policy. It has collapsed—most dramatically in the Middle East, but in Asia too—because the situation it was designed to meet no longer exists. The more obvious this failure becomes, the more reason for Sir Anthony to speak plainly when he arrives in Washington. Unless the West does some fresh thinking, and does it quickly, its "positions of strength" will prove to be cardboard castles.

That is why the examples with which Mr. Dulles tried to make his case are so damaging. If, in each case, he really did lead the United States to "the verge of war," he risked a nuclear conflict on issues which would have deeply divided America's allies and antagonised the uncommitted nations. Whatever Mr. Dulles may now pretend, not one of his ultimata was on behalf of a united West, which said to the Communists: "You now threaten our vital interests; thus far, and no farther." On the contrary, Mr. Dulles brandished his bomb alone.

While the West had a monopoly of nuclear weapons, the Communists were well aware that a false move might provoke a world conflict, and they drew back from risky adventures. But once the U.S.S.R. developed the H-Bomb, the atomic deterrent became a double-edged weapon. Nuclear attacks today are more likely to lead to mutual suicide than to victory: there can be no deterrent diplomacy now, because there is a deadlock in the deterrent itself. That was the crux of the Geneva conference.

The Soviet leaders have understood this, and have developed new techniques in their foreign policy. But it seems that Mr. Dulles does not yet understand. He continues to repeat the formulas of the cold war as if by magical incantation he could make the situation square with a policy that he is reluctant to discard. To him, the Communist threat to the West remains something which demands a response based solely upon military strength. He still does not see that the Soviet challenge to meet the West in political and economic competition is already proving a far more effective way of tilting the balance of world power than any resort to armed expansion.

That is why western foreign policy no longer works. It holds a line that has already been outflanked by new methods. The threat of atomic weapons, Mr. Dulles believes, can keep the Chinese back from Quemoy, Matsu and Formosa. So it may. That is not the point. Why should the Communists do anything which risks a full-scale conflict when nuclear weapons cannot keep Russian influence out of the Middle East, prevent Soviet technicians from going to India, or stop Soviet trade developing with Egypt, Burma, Libya and, before long, South America? Mr. Dulles may still be losing sleep because there are Chinese divisions concentrated round Amoy or Russian tanks beyond the Brandenburg Gate. What he should be worrying about are the four million technical graduates that the Soviet Union will train in the next five years.

Comments on the Week's News

Coping With Mr. Zorin

The arrival in Bonn of Mr. Zorin, which opened up the new phase of Russian "peaceful penetration" of West Germany, has provoked a vigorous reaction from the Social Democrats. On Monday, the executive of the Building Workers' Union dissolved its district organisation in North Rhine-Westphalia and 18 of its branch offices. At least half of the offices are known to be Communist-dominated, and Herr Leber, Deputy Chairman of the Union, described the district as "the Communists' most important bastion in the Federal Republic." The union's action, though severe, is justified by frequent breaches of discipline on the part of the officials and, above all, their failure to obey the West German T.U.C.'s injunction to break off contact with East German unions. However, as the union pointed out, stern measures against Communist infiltration must be accompanied by agitation for a more progressive social policy. Last week-end, the S.D.P. took an important step in this direction during a two-day conference at Cologne. The principal paper, read by Professor Schellenberg, severely criticised the government's failure to implement the social reforms announced in 1950, and outlined a comprehensive programme for increased wages, pensions and unemployment pay, nationalisation of coal and nuclear power, and full employment. The programme—notable for its absence of doctrinaire Socialism—is clearly intended to appeal to the widest possible section of the electorate; but its greatest benefits will go to precisely those classes—unsettled refugees and lower-paid workers—among whom Communist influence is strongest.

Egypt Ascendant

The new Egyptian constitution, announced on Monday, is an obscure and baffling document. It provides for a chief executive, or president, elected by plebiscite, and a one-chamber legislature. The date for the election of the president is fixed for July 7 (the constitution itself will be approved by plebiscite on June 23), but nothing is said about elections for the legislature. Indeed, in the meantime, what is called a "national union" will nominate candidates. Political observers in Cairo take this to mean that the constitution will not become effective until the government has "defined" the functions of political parties. Other provisions of the constitution—including freedom of the press—seem liberal in character, but have been greeted with some scepticism. Nevertheless, despite its defects and totalitarian undertones, the constitution will doubtless strengthen Egypt's pretence of being the standard-bearer of democracy in the Middle-East. Egyptian political influence, indeed, is already being felt in Bahrain, one of the British-protected Gulf sheikdoms, which will hold national elections for the first time next month. Although the elections are limited in scope (they will decide membership of health and education councils) they represent a victory for the progressive element which here, as elsewhere, is guided by Egypt. Equally significant is the activity of Egyptian jurists in the Gulf States. By insisting on a professionalisation of the law—by substituting trained for hereditary justices—they are undermining the traditional forms of government on which British influence is based. Egyptian prestige was also enhanced by two other events last week. The first was the Security Council's condemnation of the Israeli attack on Syria last December 11, which, despite its passing reference to Syrian provocation, was couched in exceptionally strong language. There is already wide recognition in Israel that the scale—if not the principle—of the attack was wrong, and it will now become increasingly difficult for Israel to pursue her effective but politically disastrous "reprisal" policy. Secondly, the announcement of the new Jordanian premier—who comes from the western, or pro-Egyptian, half of the country—that Jordan will in no circumstances adhere to the Baghdad Pact, represents a striking victory for Egyptian diplomacy.

Nigerian Visit

The timing of the Queen's visit to Nigeria is intriguing. In six months' time the Nigerian leaders will be plunged into a constitutional conference, for which they have been promised self-government if they want it. Already Mr. Awolowo and Dr. Azikwe, prime ministers of the western and eastern regions respectively, have declared that they will claim self-government for their regions. Mr. Awolowo and his Action Party have produced their constitutional plan. They would further sub-divide the country by adding another region, would change and reduce the powers of the Governor, and strengthen the responsibilities of the region as against the central federal government. The north is still reluctant and likely to remain so, although there is some pressure from the younger political elements there for a revision of their electoral system. For the period of the Queen's visit a political truce has been declared. Yet it is obvious that the presence of the Queen must have a political influence. Now that the control of the British administration has been relaxed and Nigerians can see the end of their colonial status, their enthusiasm for a royal visit will undoubtedly be increased. The effect of these emotions can only be to strengthen the hands of those Nigerians who wish to remain for the time being under British rule. Neither Mr. Awolowo or Dr. Azikwe will be swayed by such influences. But there can be no doubt that the policy of the north in resisting self-government will be strengthened.

The Trade Gap and Wages

The year's foreign trade figures, published last-week-end in preliminary form, reveal nothing new. The trade gap at £864 million is a great deal wider—by £265 million—than it was in 1954, despite an increase of 8½ per cent. in exports which looks satisfactory enough when considered by itself. The source of trouble is the very sharp increase in imports, due mainly not to higher prices but to greater quantities. The plain fact is that we have been importing more than we can afford at the present terms of trade, and that either exports must be increased a great deal more or imports must come down—or both. An appreciable part of the higher imports is certainly reflected in bigger stocks of materials and goods in process—a tendency which the credit squeeze is designed to correct. Exports to the U.S. rose sharply, by more than 20 per cent.; but imports rose even faster, so that the dollar position was not improved. This situation is already being used—e.g., by the Standard Motor Co.—as an argument against wage-advances, on the plea that exports can be forced up only if wages are held stationary (a view which the trade unions are most unlikely to accept in face of booming profits and the rising cost of living). Short-time at some of the big car factories is no doubt partly due to the contraction of the Australian market; but it is difficult not to associate it with the response of the firms in question to the wage-demands now under negotiation. It already looks as if the government has made up its mind to support the Tory demand for a show-down with labour.

In the Trough

It is now clear that the government's decision to end its bulk buying agreement with Denmark for bacon supplies as from next September will not mean a return to the classic principles of the free market. Before handing the trade back to private enterprise the government is seeking new ways of continuing the protected status which the British breeder enjoys. It has proposed in recent talks with the Danes to levy an *ad valorem* tariff of 10 per cent. on the bacon they send to us. It is not surprising that the Danes are resisting this. For the past two years they have had to accept a situation in which the British Government has sold Danish bacon here at a fantastic profit in a deliberate attempt to keep up the price of bacon in the shops and so reduce the cost to the Treasury of its deficiency payments to the home producer. So flagrant has been this official profiteering that last autumn the government had to agree to share some of the loot with the disgruntled Danish exporters by increasing their price. The result of these manœuvres has been high bacon prices in the shops plus a bill for deficiency payments which last year amounted to £60m. and forms the largest item in the agricultural subsidies. Yet in return for this help the British breeder has still not managed to reduce his high costs or to produce sufficient Grade A pigs which can compete with the rigorous standards of his Danish competitors. Hence the clamour for protection. A tariff will not only bring us into conflict with GATT, but will also tend to raise the cost of living. The real need is for a complete overhaul of the present subsidy and marketing arrangements.

Local Rating Outlook

The new rating assessments will have an important effect on the relative position of Local Authorities in respect of equalisation grants. Birmingham, for example, will lose the grant of £1,700,000 which it has received for the current year and will thus have to find an extra 2s. 4d. or 2s. 6d. in the £1 from local rates. Liverpool, which has hitherto received nothing, is to get £1,150,000. These changes result from the operation of the grant formula, under which areas with less than the average rateable value per head of population—counting each child as two—receive equalisation grants. The new valuations have naturally worked out very differently for different areas, according to changes in their relative prosperity in recent years. It is not yet possible to say how large reductions in the rate per £1 the higher revised assessments will make possible: higher assessments do not, of course, automatically mean higher payments. Local authorities, however, are faced with rising costs, especially for expanding services such as education, and also with higher interest rates; so that they will need to raise more money even if they do their best to cut much-needed capital spending. It will be some time yet before the full effects of the re-valuation can be seen; but obviously it will strengthen the already strong feeling against industrial de-rating.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

Zero Hour

Our Paris Correspondent writes: In all likelihood, M. Faure's government will resign next Wednesday, and it now seems certain that M. Coty will call on either M. Mendès-France or M. Guy Mollet to form a new one. Last week, the Republican Front was completing its preparations. The Socialist Congress at Puteaux and the Radical Executive at the Salle Pleyel laid down the broad lines of the new government's policy. Both parties agree on what they call an "action cabinet," composed of only 10 ministers, which will have four principal objectives. These are (1) reform of parliamentary procedure, particularly over the budget; (2) electoral reform; (3) the creation of a nation-wide collective-bargaining system, and the extension of paid holidays from two to three weeks; (4) fiscal reform, based on the project worked out by the Socialist economist and deputy Francis Leenhardt. A special Ministry of North African affairs will be created, and the settlement of the Algerian question will be given absolute priority. At the same time, M. Mendès-France and M. Mollet have both carefully avoided presenting a specific solution for Algeria. In speeches last week they emphasised that at this stage the method to be adopted for the negotiations was more important than their content. Both agree that this method will involve the presence of the Prime Minister in Algiers at least during the opening stages of the talks, the immediate dissolution of the Algerian Assembly, and the publication, as soon as the government is formed, of a "declaration of principle," which will assure the Algerians that their future status will be decided in direct negotiation with their own representatives. They hope, by these steps, to end the fighting and create a climate of confidence. Only then, they argue, will the two sides be able to get down to the details of a settlement.

The two party leaders have been similarly vague about the way in which they will solicit parliamentary support for their programme. They insist that they will not refuse votes—from whichever section of the Assembly they come—and that any deputy who is willing to accept their programme will be welcome in their majority. They have thus left the door open both to the C.P. and the M.R.P.

Finally, who is to be premier? Mendès-France and Mollet have privately agreed that this choice must be left strictly to M. Coty's judgment, and each is prepared to serve under the other. In all probability, the choice will fall on Guy Mollet. In this case, M. Mendès-France will become Minister of National Economy, with supervisory control over the ministries of finance, agriculture, industry and commerce, public works, and transport.

Washington

Virginia Votes for Gray

A Correspondent writes: Poll tax and the efficiency of the Byrd machine helped keep the voting light in last week's referendum in Virginia, but the electors who did vote polled two to one in favour of the Gray plan for preserving segregation in the state's schools. This plan is an ingenious evasion of the Supreme Court ruling against segregation, for, subject to the condition that no child may be forced to attend an integrated school, it gives some option to local school boards and, after the proposed changes have been made in the state constitution, it will permit state funds to be used for supporting private (segregated) schools.

The Virginia vote is bound to rally opinion in the South, just as the Gray plan itself may provide a model for other states which have been looking for a means of preserving their "local rights," which, until the sweeping decision of the Supreme Court, had been presumed to include the right of a state to organise its school system as it pleased. Outright defiance of the Court would be difficult, and lead quickly to test cases, but it may take much longer to test the legality of the Virginia system, partly because the pattern will vary from one district to another. In the south and east of the state, where there are most Negroes, the counties will intransigently oppose integration. In the hill counties to the west, and in the dormitory areas south of Washington, local school boards may before long find it cheaper and easier to move towards integration. Some supporters of the Gray plan, indeed, commended it as a flexible method of securing integration without provoking a bitter conflict. Admittedly, integration will take a long time if the Gray plan is applied. But it seems that many people would prefer to see a piecemeal attack on segregation rather than a dramatic and socially disruptive attempt to impose it against local sentiment and custom.

Several years may pass before the Gray plan is finally passed on by the courts, and in that time much can happen in Virginia and the other states in the South which today feel it impossible to comply with the Court ruling. Though liberals in the North sharply criticise Virginia for this delaying tactic, they know that the position of the Negro is changing fast in the South, and that the Gray compromise does not finally reject any progress towards integration. It may in fact prove difficult to carry out the plan: the mechanics of allocating children to different schools, of providing "private" schools, and paying private tuition fees raise so many problems that, in the areas where Negroes are fewest, integration may be simpler in the long run than segregation.

Dublin

Towards Labour Unity

A Correspondent writes: The re-unification of the Irish trade union movement has been brought much nearer by the decision taken by the Irish Trade Union Congress and the Congress of Irish Unions to set up a provisional united organisation. The cause of the rift was the determination of nearly half the Irish unions to resist a breakaway from their English parent bodies; of about 500,000 union members (in Northern Ireland and the Republic), 220,000 belong to unions based in Britain, and to the Irish T.U.C. Part of the opposition to cutting away from the British movement derives from a conviction that the Irish bodies would lose strength, and it has also been urged that Northern Ireland unions, the great majority of which are British-based, would disaffiliate if complete Irish control was made effective. Thus, the matter has a political (certainly a Partition) complexion, and Northern Ireland ministers were quick to make it clear that they smelt danger. Mr. Midgley, Minister of Education, and formerly a leading trade unionist, warned the British-based unions that some of those who advocated the merger were men "whose objective is, from a proletarian point of view, to bring about industrial unity as a prelude to political unity." Mr. Neill, Minister of Labour, also warned Northern workers to be on guard against "attempts to undermine the constitution of Northern Ireland."

"Once more unto the brink, dear friends . . ."

Westminster

Inaction Stations ?

The first job of the Parliamentary Labour Party when the House resumes on Tuesday will be to flay the government on its Tanks for Egypt performance—watching all the time that its own flank is not turned. The second job will be to elect its Deputy Leader. Nye Bevan will definitely be a candidate. So will Jim Griffiths and possibly Alfred Robens, though Harold Wilson will almost certainly stand aside in favour of Nye. If the election had been held before the House rose and if the speeches made after Hugh Gaitskell's election and the party's reaction to them were genuine, I think that Bevan would have been elected. If that had happened, and Gaitskell had then asked Bevan to take over foreign affairs, I believe it would have been a fine thing for the Labour movement. But it may be that after four weeks' reflection the Parliamentary Party may be less willing to accept Gaitskell's plea for a "clean slate" and that the kindly Jim Griffiths will be elected just because he is kindly—and because he is not Nye.

A third job will be to clear its mind about housing policies, and in this the meeting of representatives of constituency parties which will be held at Transport House at the week-end may be helpful. The government has tried to distract Labour's attention from cuts in subsidies and increased loan charges by dragging in differential rents, on which Labour in the country is known to be divided.

There are strong arguments in favour of differential rents. Leaving out of account the effect of subsidy cuts, there are many people on council waiting lists who cannot afford to accept a new house at the *existing* rents when they are offered one. One housing manager has told me that this is now happening with nine out of ten applicants. If a differential rent scheme, by putting up the rents of those who could genuinely afford an increase, allowed a reduction in rents for those who cannot even afford the present level, it would probably be backed by the Labour Party as a whole. But of course the government does not intend to use differential rents in this way. It wishes all rents to be raised, some more than others, to make up the deficiency caused by the subsidy cuts and higher interest rates.

I hope Labour will fight this and centre its fight round the positive, long-term objective of so bringing down the cost of houses—by subsidies, lower interest rates, removal of price rings, allocation of materials and more efficient production—that every family in the country can afford out of its own income at least to rent what is, after all, a basic necessity of life.

Whatever happens, the party will at least begin the new term in a much stronger position than it was four weeks ago. I do not, of course, mean that Captain Harry Crookshank has twinkled away to the House of Lords. I do not even mean that Mr. Iain MacLeod, that Hugh Cudlipp of politics, will be free to try on the T.U.C. the same brand of comic-strip gangsterdom that he has used with some success on the Health Service. But I do mean that the only government in history which has increased its majority at a general election finds itself on the slide within ten months of that election, and, moreover, not because of unmerciful battering by a resolute opposition but as the climax to a parliamentary recess. We all know the minor shocks which the government has felt, ranging from heroin to white fish. We can include teachers' pay and pensions in those because, though to many this is a question which stabs into the social conscience, to the Tories it is merely a headache for Sir David Eccles.

But these shocks would register on the seismograph without cracking the earth's crust. They do not explain the slide. Nor I think do even more serious matters such as Cyprus and the Middle East, the suction increasingly exerted on wages by vacuum-creating price increases, or the unemployment which creeps behind overtime bans and the four-day week in the motor industry. These would shake any government which had deliberately bribed its marginal support with peace, prosperity and an easy budget, and gone back on the lot when the votes were counted; for though, even now, few electors really expect politicians to keep their election promises, most of us expect the lie to be covered by some acceptable gloss.

But even this does not explain the slide. Is it then a press campaign? I believe that the steady drip, drip, drip by newsreels, radio comics and the press robbed the 1945-50 Labour Government of the further five years of power to which it was entitled on its past performance, if not on its future plans. But the attack on the present government, strong though it has been, has been mild compared with the persistent onslaughts on the Labour Government. It has, of course, been significant because it came mainly from Conservative newspapers. But I do not believe that it was intended to wreck the government. It was much more like exasperated back-seat driving.

Is it then something to do with personalities—with the personal tragedy which has, I hope only temporarily, taken the heart from Mr. Butler, or the fundamental weakness of character which has always afflicted Sir Anthony Eden? I doubt it. I think that circumstances were still dominant even in 1916 and in 1940 when personalities most markedly appeared to loom larger than life. And I think they are so today. These circumstances are that the present Tory policy has failed and that there is no alternative policy which Tory politicians dare use. The credit squeeze has annoyed the bankers and bankrupted many small men who thought that Tory promises of a property-owning democracy were seriously meant. The housing and rents policy has disturbed even Tory councils, has exasperated landlords and alarmed tenants. But nothing has prevented the balance of payments from becoming more unbalanced nor checked the rise in the cost of living.

What other policy can they turn to? They have dismantled the machinery of physical controls—and their supporters would object to their using it even if it still existed. They could follow the advice of Sir Oscar Hobson, Mr. A. W. Tuke and other supporters who do not depend on votes for their position. Such a policy of still higher interest rates, drastic cuts in government expenditure and real toughness about wages might do the trick—and ruin the Tory Party.

In such circumstances, personalities matter little. Mr. Macmillan would be as ineffective as Sir Anthony. It is not new men the Tories need but a new policy. I shall be surprised if they find one in the present Parliament.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Capitalism and Coal

COAL was the first great industry to be nationalised, and it is the first which the government has chosen to remodel on the pattern of large-scale private enterprise. This is the significance of the Fleck Report—taking its name from its chairman, the chairman of Imperial Chemicals—which was submitted to the National Coal Board in January last year, and of the measures being taken to implement it. Sir Andrew Bryan's recent appeal for more technicians from private business to staff the coal industry, and his assertion at the N.C.B. summer school that "there is no fundamental difference in management in an undertaking whether it is run by private enterprise or whether it is nationalised," are indications of the management philosophy and policies inspired by the Fleck Report. The new pattern is neatly symbolised by the appointment of Aubrey Jones as Minister of Fuel and Power; until his appointment he was the Economic Director of the Iron and Steel Federation, that strenuous and successful opponent of nationalisation.

Yet the approach of the Fleck Committee on N.C.B. Organisation and its recommendations—which have been accepted in their entirety by the N.C.B.—have attracted comparatively little attention from Socialists or from the trade unions. An assessment of it is necessary, for the "new model" for nationalisation raises acute problems as to the function and purpose of publicly owned industry which the labour movement needs to face.

The Fleck Committee stated its view quite sharply. There is, the Report says, "nothing in the legislation which created the N.C.B." that prevents the industry being managed in accordance with the best commercial practice. . . . Given that the Board cannot make profits in the normally accepted sense . . . we can think of no aspect of financial policy in which the Board should not pursue much the same course as would a large commercial undertaking." Private industry, of course, does not wish the Board to make profits "in the normally accepted sense"; buying coal at "break-even" prices, private firms seek to ensure that they, not the Board, make the profit out of coal. And the reference to taking "the same course as a commercial undertaking" means, not profit-seeking, but treating organised labour as would any large capitalist organisation.

These phrases alone indicate that private industry is trying to mould the Coal Board to its own image, indeed, to its own interests. But this tendency is significantly underlined by the Fleck Committee's proposals about the part-time members of the Board. These, the Report argues, should be "well known . . . in other commercial and industrial spheres": the Minister should seek help in appointing them from an advisory panel of "leaders in particular fields, including the President of the F.B.I., the Chairman of the T.U.C., and President of the B.E.C." This means that those appointed would mainly be important industrialists, for the presence of a T.U.C. representative would no more change the character of an advisory body than Sir Will Lawther's membership of the Committee changed the general character of its Report.

Moreover, the Committee proposed that part-time members should have *the right of direct access* to the Minister (i.e., behind the backs of the full-time members), and the Minister should consult the part-timers "before appointing a Chairman or a Deputy Chairman of the Board or making new appointments of full-time Board members." Thus the industrialists on the Board are to have power to influence both policy and appointments. The Fleck Committee would not merely have the coal industry run in the general interest of industrialists, but also put them in

direct control of it. (These recommendations were made to the Minister, and it is a point of some interest that there has been no explicit statement as to whether or not they are being implemented.)

The arrangement of the Report somewhat concealed the Fleck Committee's sweeping criticisms of the Coal Board. Most of it deals with the formal management structure, which the Committee accepted, though it proposed some additions. Apart from criticism of overloading of management at pit level, and of faulty organisation of the Areas, the defective functioning of the formal structure is not sharply criticised until near the end. But the points made then are a startling comment on an organisation of eight years' standing.

First, the National Board had interpreted the "decentralisation" attempted to mean that subordinate levels did not have to obey the instructions of superior ones. This is of importance, since, with marked differences in the efficiency of local management, laggard areas have not been required to adopt the practices of those whose record is distinctly better, and the introduction of standardised practices (e.g. of stock control) has hardly begun. Secondly, the centre was extremely remote. Headquarters' liaison even with Divisions is so imperfect that the Fleck Committee (in all seriousness) recommends an Advisory Committee "comprising the Board members and the Divisional Chairmen" to "ensure better consultation with Divisions." We learn, too, that some Area General Managers "had no idea how National Headquarters fitted into the Board's organisation," but thought it an "unnecessary imposition." What words, then, might convey the remoteness of the National Board from the pits? (Major Webster, President of the Institute of Mining Engineers, in a recent article spoke of the N.C.B. as an anonymous bureaucracy, and quoted the saying, "it's like working for a ghost.") Thirdly, the quality of many holding positions of responsibility is so poor that the Report recommends compulsory retirement. "A systematic policy for retiring many ineffective people . . . cannot be carried out unless reasonable compensation is paid. The money would be well spent."

This is a picture of inefficient bureaucracy. Since the Fleck Committee sought to make it more efficient but without changing its form, it faced problems it could not overcome. The Committee could, for instance, insist that henceforth National Board directives should not be treated as permissive legislation, but it proposed no specific remedy for the remoteness of Hobart House. Within the limits set by its approach, its suggestions are natural: grouping all personnel matters in one department, at Area level and above, to pluck out dead wood and to select promising material; development of staff training schemes; an industrial relations department with a properly trained specialist staff; and administrative assistance for the pit manager.

Such merit as these proposals may have is being vitiated by the fact that the Board is imposing them upon lower levels of management who may neither agree with them nor understand their purpose. As Major Webster put it, in the *Iron and Coal Trades Review*, what is happening is "an inflexible and wholesale application of the Fleck Report in a manner which was clearly not intended therein." For instance the pattern for organization at Area level which the Report suggested "merely as a starting point for discussion" is being rigidly and uniformly imposed despite the variation in size and character of different Areas.

The Fleck Committee's proposals are dismally inadequate. The hierarchy of management superimposed on the pits make bureaucracy self-perpetuating. The more "efficient" it is, the harder it presses upon pit management. In such conditions, "personnel selection" only means removing people of proven ability from pit level. The pit manager—whether seeking promotion or a quiet life—refers thorny problems upwards, to avoid the onus of decision. Nor can the industry be transformed without the active participation of its workers. Yet they receive no mention in the Report. There is no flicker of interest in their possible contribution: the working of consultation is not even considered, although it offers scope enough for improvement. The only mention of the trade union is on the need for it to enforce discipline on its members! Clearly, the status of the worker is to be no higher than in private industry.

Yet the deterioration of labour relations is a pressing problem. 1955 saw over 2 million tons of coal lost as a result of disputes, more than twice the previous year's total, and a corresponding decline in total output as compared with 1954. The labour unrest goes with a growing disillusionment among the miners with the N.C.B.'s organisation and objectives, which the new policies for management will do nothing to dispel.

The principles of an alternative approach to the running of the coal industry can only be outlined here. There should be drastic simplification of the management structure above pit level; the miners should be involved in the control of their own working lives on a mass scale and at all levels. Above pit level there should be a movement away from the close personal "span of control" exercised by each level of higher management, which inhibits the initiative of operational management (indeed, assumes their irresponsibility), multiplies the tiers of managerial authority, and draws the best specialists away from direct assistance to operational management. It would be replaced by standard checks and procedures (e.g., of costing), specialist services, and O. and M. teams to tackle any trouble spots revealed by the control systems. In thus pushing responsibility downwards, it would necessarily require full availability of information and close consultation with the trade union at all levels. However, such an approach is unlikely to be tried by an administration which takes as its objective not an industrial democracy, but the "best commercial practice."

Will the matter rest there? The Fleck Report shows that the Socialist objective has been turned into its opposite, "commercial practice," and that on such a basis a more efficient bureaucracy is all that can be aimed at organisationally. What is lacking is any coherent policy on the part of the N.U.M. and the labour movement generally towards the future of coal nationalisation. In its absence, the ideology of the Fleck Committee—of very big business indeed—holds undisputed sway.

JOHN HUGHES

NEXT WEEK

Eden's Last Stand
MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Reform of Nomenclature
MARGHANITA LASKI

W. H. Auden's "Orators"
A Reassessment by G. S. FRASER

Hendon Test

ROAD accidents are one of the few exceptions to the rule that a bad workman blames his tools. It is almost always the other driver who is to blame, or a patch of ice or mist, or a bad bend or, more rarely admitted, one's own error of judgment. And because each of these has probably helped cause a crash, few motorists will find fault with their cars, though the steering and brakes may be defective, the lights dim, the windscreen obscured and the horn a throaty warble rather than a warning blast. Cars will go on working, in a fashion, long after they have become unsafe for their drivers and for other road users, and the older the car (and the more hard-up the driver) the more probable it is that repair money is spent on keeping it running than on keeping it safe. We have elaborate laws, and a system of inspection to enforce safety in our factories and on our railways, but we permit six million offensive weapons to career about our inadequate and congested roads without any effective control, requiring only that the driver carries insurance cover to compensate for the damage he may do.

If we could discover how many accidents are in fact caused by unroadworthy vehicles, there might be more public support for compulsory inspection. But we can never be sure after the accident has happened. All we can say is that a great many accidents might not have happened if all cars were required to pass certain simple tests. The evidence from the American States where inspection is compulsory certainly supports this view. In New Jersey, for example, there are 4.2 fatal accidents for every 100 million miles driven, as against a national figure of 7.5.

If there, why not here? One answer is the usual response. Think of the cost! And imagine the queues! But another explanation lies in the psychology of the motorist. He already resents the Government's failure to provide him with decent roads, just as he resents what he thinks is pettifogging persecution by the police for minor speeding and parking offences. Inspection, he feels, would threaten more interference, more restrictions and, even worse, more repair charges. For the motorist, in a curious way, has become the peasant of an industrial society: his car is as dear to him as the plot of land is to the peasant; it is the expression and the guarantee of his individualism. Each wants the best and biggest he can afford, and each wants to run it in his own way.

There are, of course, many exceptions. And some of them took their cars to the experimental testing station which was set up at Slough for a month last summer. Others, since the middle of October, have been attracted by TV and press publicity to visit the new Ministry of Transport vehicle-testing station at Hendon. So the astonishing results of these two stations are based on a sample of the most responsible and public-spirited drivers, people who are willing to give up time to permit experts to check over their cars.

The procedure is simple—and those motorists who feel that there may be some liaison between the station and the police may be assured that the results are confidential. The car is driven first over an inspection pit, where its underside is searched for loose nuts, weak brake hoses and cables, faulty suspension, damaged tyres, faulty exhaust systems and body defects, while above ground inspectors are testing the horn, doors, windscreen wipers and direction indicators. Next, the front wheel alignment is checked and the steering examined for excessive play. A third installation assesses the brightness and aim of the headlights, and the final stage is a thorough

test of the braking system. At the end of the process, which takes less than 15 minutes, the driver is given a report card.

What do these examinations show? Exact figures have not yet been released for the Hendon station, but the preliminary results, based on nearly 7,000 cars, are very similar to those secured at Slough. There, of the first 400 cars, 41 had direction indicators out of order, 18 had faulty wipers, 86 had stop lights that did not work, and 44 had rear lights out of commission. Yet these are relatively minor defects. The more unnerving figures are put in flat sentences such as these. "One third of the cars had defects in their steering due to loose kingpins, loose steering boxes, front wheels out of alignment." Or "30 per cent. of the cars had hand brakes requiring attention," and "40 per cent. had at least one poor tyre."

Oh, yes, it says in the Highway Code that a vehicle travelling at 30 miles an hour should be able to stop within 45 feet. One day the emergency will come—and it will come to the one car in six that is unable to stop within 67 feet, or to the one car in twenty on which one of the front brakes does not work at all. There will be a skid, a collision and a casualty.

Not all these defects, moreover, are on old cars, though pre-war cars are becoming an increasing danger. At Hendon, it seems that, of the pre-1945 cars, about 40 per cent. have faulty brakes, 50 per cent. have something wrong with the steering, and 75 per cent. have poor or wrongly aimed headlights. Yet cars between three and ten years old do not show up all that well: one in five has bad brakes, one in three has defective steering. Only on the very newest models does fault-finding fall to about 10 per cent.

Now this does not mean that all these cars are public dangers. Some of the defects are minor, and a driver may live with them for years without knowing of them. (In my case, the underside inspection revealed three loose nuts on the transmission. Unless my garage and I were fanatically conscientious, we would never check these nuts until the propellor shaft showed signs of trouble.) The difficulty is that drivers unconsciously adjust to the defects in their cars—the steering wears imperceptibly, the brake pedal needs just a little more pressure, the lights slowly get dimmer—and all goes well until the extra demand is made and the car fails to answer.

That is the virtue of the Hendon test. It gives fair warning, and the sensible driver takes it. I may add that it also offers a safeguard to anyone who is thinking of buying a used car: there is no reason why the car cannot be checked through the station before the sale is closed. The test will not tell you whether the engine is in good shape, but it will tell you almost everything else.

The larger question is whether it is necessary or worth-while to set up more stations of this kind, and eventually, perhaps, to make annual or bi-annual tests compulsory. For this is purely an experimental station, designed to secure information about the condition of cars on the road and to gain experience in testing methods and standard-setting. As a rough estimate, I should say that compulsory testing every two years would require 150 stations, each with two lanes, with a total staff of about two to three thousand inspectors, mechanics and others. If compulsion were applied, in the first place, to cars over five or even ten years old, the total installation would be much smaller. Would the saving in life and property be worth it? I think it would. Cars are lethal weapons, and we cannot afford to neglect anything that may reduce the annual and increasing toll they take.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

London Diary

"OH, no, you need not be afraid of *that*," they say, when we complain that the death penalty is irrevocable. "Any miscarriage of justice would always be discovered before its victim was executed." That, like other stock defences of hanging has now been finally exploded. For it wasn't any safeguard in the system itself that saved three innocent men released from prison last Saturday from being hanged; if the policeman they were wrongly accused of attacking had died, they would indubitably have been hanged. Even so, it seems clear the Home Office don't think this case has involved any "serious miscarriage of justice"; the pitifully mean award of £1,000 to be shared as "compensation" between three men, each of whom has served over two years in prison, looks simply derisory. If these men had suffered two years' imprisonment at the hands of some private person, a High Court jury might award them anything up to £10,000 each, whether or not they were likely to recover it. Is such a man to be fobbed off with £300 (about £3 a week spread over two years) because the mistake was an official one? What scale of values does the Home Office use in these cases? Oscar Slater got £6,000 after eighteen years of a commuted sentence for a murder he did not commit; roughly £6 a week. All the cases you can examine show a similar valuation of human liberty and happiness. The conviction and imprisonment of an innocent man is clearly not regarded as a "serious miscarriage of justice." The Home Office have always made a bad showing over this kind of thing, and I hope they are going to be given no rest until some less insulting compensation has been agreed upon, not only for these three men but for any future victims of this system that can't go wrong.

* * *

Sir Anthony Eden is, I am told, one of Lord Beaverbrook's special detestations, and the support that the *Express* newspapers are now giving him is of the kind that a piece of hemp gives to a man just before he is hanged. It will be interesting to notice how soon the strangling process begins. One bit of gossip has already piqued much curiosity. Who is the Pamela to whom Osbert Lancaster referred in one of his recent pocket cartoons? What was the mysterious women's quarrel to which Back Bencher referred in the *Sunday Express*? The innuendo is that the *Telegraph's* attack on Sir Anthony Eden is the result of a quarrel between Lady Eden and Lady Pamela Berry, who is the wife of Michael Berry, who succeeded the first Lord Camrose as editor-in-chief of the *Telegraph*. Even if there has been some such quarrel I don't think that English journalism or English politics have fallen so low that the *Daily Telegraph* attacks the Prime Minister because of a boudoir row. After all, it is not by any means the first time that the *Daily Telegraph*, though a Tory organ, has attacked the Tory front bench for not being sufficiently Tory.

* * *

In the same issue of the *Sunday Express*, John Gordon delivered an attack on the editor of *Punch*, which may have had something to do with his recent articles in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. The suggestion was that Malcolm Muggeridge is attacking the established order in a thoroughly naughty and subversive way, while a very respectable Conservative M.P., Peter Agnew, is waxing rich on the profits of *Punch*. Unfortunately for John Gordon (who was, perhaps, a little over-excited after his audience with the Pope) the Peter Agnew who is the Managing Director of the publishers of *Punch* is not the Peter Agnew, M.P., to whom John Gordon referred.

* * *

Wickham Steed's death has removed, I feel, a very solid, characteristic and incidentally decorative, feature of the British political landscape. I have known him off and on for a good many years. I first met him in my very green, crispy lettuce days. I took the chair for him, it must be some thirty years ago, at a League of Nations Union meeting in the suburbs. Basing himself on his long experience of Central Europe, he argued that Germany and Austria must never be allowed to unite, and that Britain must back France in sternly keeping Germany in her place. He was naturally annoyed when, with all the authority of youthful idealism, I denounced this reactionary view. He had certainly forgotten this incident when, on many occasions during the war I found myself broadcasting with him to India and on other overseas programmes. I sometimes speculated on the difference it would have made if he had not been superseded as editor of *The Times* by Geoffrey Dawson. He had a reputation for arrogance, but he was never, in my experience, anything but courteous and friendly. One of his favourite stories was about a man who said that the only way of dealing with a Prussian was to tread hard on his toe, and, when he complained, to go on treading on it until *he* apologised.

* * *

I was grieved to hear the news of the sudden death of Dr. Sonnabend, Mayor of Ashkelon—the new town which Dr. Sonnabend and his colleagues from South Africa have been building about a mile away from the famous ancient city of Israel. (The original Ashkelon is now no more than a few ruined walls, with some fine arches and broken statues.) The whole area is a lucky dip for archæologists; dig anywhere and you will find something, if only a coin or a bit of pottery, which may be a couple of thousand years old. The North African emigrants who have now been given homes in the nearby settlement of Lachish do, in fact, constantly turn up such treasures in the sandy ground on which their houses stand. It is surrounded by swaying fields of green barley and when it has developed it will be a good place to live in. When I saw it a few weeks ago, the people were still so new to Western ways of life that a building had been set aside where the women could be shown how to sew, bath baby and use a modern stove, while the men were learning to plough. But Dr. Sonnabend's creation was a new Ashkelon, the one Israeli settlement where there had been time to think of beauty and design, where admirable use had been made of ancient pillars and modern materials, where in the centre of the town many flowering trees throw a grateful shade on the square with its museum and public meeting hall. Standing in this square one looks straight down a vista to the yellow sand dunes and the deep blue sea. A couple of miles to the South the Gaza Strip begins, with its hedge of barbed wire and its warning of minefields.

* * *

In a Gallilee village we sat on couches and were served with as much meat and vegetables, sweets, wine and Turkish coffee as we could cope with. Our host, a venerable Bedouin sheik, stood supervising the serving, which was carried out by his sons. The womenfolk, who prepared the meal, were in another part of the building and, as this sheik is a very progressive character, we were presented to them afterwards. It was a delightful occasion, one on which there was perfect harmony between our Arab hosts and the

Jews who took us as special guests. Afterwards I heard of the ludicrous events that took place when a Labour delegation, which included Dr. Edith Summerskill and Jim Griffiths, were similarly feasted. The English papers at the time carried the story of Dr. Summerskill's visit to a Druse village where she embarrassed everyone with her efforts to overturn the tribal customs by bringing forward women who would expect to stay in the background. But her behaviour at the Bedouin feast was very much worse. To insist, as she did, that the head of the tribe should so far trample on all Arab custom as to sit down with his guests instead of supervising their service, was as insulting to him as it would be to her if a guest in her own home were to insist that she should stand behind his chair and only eat after her departure. In short, she deeply humiliated him before his friends. Nor was that all: she added ridicule to insult. In spite of the protests of her colleagues not only did she get up, take the poor man by the wrist, and make him sit down by the side of her (a woman!) but she even fed him with a spoon from her own plate. People who were present tell me that the poor man would with difficulty live down the ridicule of his friends.

* * *

The nicest true story I know about Len Hutton, who is to retire from cricket at the early age of 39, is of an occasion some years ago when he had been bowled at The Oval. The pavilion critics were busy analysing the ball which got him. It was a "wrong 'un," it had "come with the arm," it had "swung late."

"What *was* wrong with that one, Len?" a friend of mine asked him. "Wrong?" he said, "I missed it."

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Godfrey Winn's investigation into the *Scandal of Unmarried Mothers*: and, of course, many other attractive and proven favourite features.—*The Evening News.* (Anne Bloch.)

Mr. South said he started writing ice-shows in 1949 when he wrote "Chess on Ice." The scenes had knights in armour.

Mr. Crispin: It had bishops too?—No: I did not think the public would like the idea of bishops on ice so I called them "nobles."—*Manchester Guardian.* (Adrian Vale.)

Animated by a sense of humour, we should all try to assist the nation's rising hopes of a long-lasting prosperity. This, however, will not be possible if the Prime Minister is not shown more respect.—Letter in *Yorkshire Post.* (J. F. Blitz.)

Admitting that he struck another man with a hammer, a 34-year-old gravedigger told the police: "I always wished if I killed someone I would do it before I was 35."—*Manchester Evening News.* (Constance Oliver.)

Not all tailors offer the 10 per cent. reduction. "We are not selling merchandise," explains Mr. Stanbury. "Americans sometimes talk of buying a suit. We do not like the phrase. One orders a suit."—*Evening Standard.* (J. Young.)

Three men, escorted by three policemen, last night began a 200-mile journey—to face trial for stealing three cooking apples worth 1s. 3d. The Newcastle court had refused to accept their pleas of guilty by letter, so the Greenock magistrate said yesterday he would "reluctantly" remit them.—*News Chronicle.* (O. M. Watts.)

The Dumping of the Slump

"Just the way to a Slump," the Bedlam groaned,
As he frowled at his bushels of wheat,
"There's profit in shortage, when privately owned,
But ruin in plenty to eat."

The crew was complete: it included a Dunce,
Some Dupes, to deplaud and applore,
Some Demagogue Daws, who all chattered at once,
And a Dulles, to dabble with war.

There was also a Dump, for their dinner and tea,
And a Drain for the profigal cow;
They throve on the food that they threw in the sea,
Though none of the sailors knew how.

"Their form is ungainly, their intellect slight,"
The Bedlam would say of his crew,
"But they talk irregardless and know they are right,
For their thoughts are emphatic, though few."

He had bought a large chart, representing the Mind,
Without the least vestige of sense;
The crew were delighted and flattered to find
A shortage so bleak and immense.

Ungrowing is always a difficult feat,
But they laboured with patience and hope,
Reducing the burden of cotton and wheat
By giving the Bedlam some rope.

Of rope there was much, which had ruined the price,
And this, said the Bedlam, was wrong;
Moreover a short one is easy to splice,
But what if the rope is too long?

You can burn it with fag-ends or fray it with pins,
You can rot it with brandy and bluff,
But the Bedlam explained that the trouble begins
With having too much of the stuff.

"This over-production of hemp," he opined,
"Will bring us to ruin and wreck;
Economists prove it is better confined
To the minimum needs of the neck."

As they tightened their halters the Dulles cried, "Stay!
Our surplus of bombs is the clue;
We can swiftly and noisily vanish away—"
And he threw them around at the crew.

(*Cetera desunt.*)

REGINALD REYNOLDS

Riot in Istanbul

"NOT since the Fall of Constantinople," an observer said to me in Istanbul recently, "have Greek Churches and Church property been so wantonly destroyed as they were in the riots of September 6, 1955." "Is the spirit of Gladstone dead in England?" asked a Greek, reminding me how the British had once led the world in protest against Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria. It was difficult to convince people who had lived through these riots that events on such a scale could pass almost unnoticed in the British press. This silence was all the more surprising in that many important foreigners happened to be in Istanbul at the time; delegates attending the International Monetary Fund and World Bank Conference, and the Conferences of Interpol (International Police) and of Byzantinology. Their eye-witness reports may be in the files of their respective governments. But almost the only press report which succeeded in escaping Turkish censorship was written by Noel Barber, the *Daily Mail* correspondent, who hid the evidence he had collected in his shoe and then cabled a full despatch from Athens. Strangely enough, the press was equally silent on the sympathetic telegram which the Archbishop of Canterbury sent to the Patriarch in Istanbul, and on the outspoken speech which he made in October to the Canterbury Convocation. Further, a reliable witness of the whole affair was the local refugee representative of the World Council of Churches in Istanbul who immediately distributed blankets, food and other supplies to the victims. Subsequently, the Council sent out an international mission of fellowship, led by the Bishop of Malmesbury. Their report was that out of a total of 80 Greek Orthodox Churches, 29 were completely destroyed, 34 badly damaged, 8 partially damaged and only 9 left untouched. In addition to the destruction of Greek Churches, some 4,000 Greek shops and 700 houses, and more than 500 Jewish shops were damaged.

The destruction was still impressive enough when I saw it at the end of December, three months after it occurred. There are more than a million people in Istanbul, including 85,000 Greeks, 42,000 Jews and many Armenians. All the minorities suffered. In a typical Greek quarter, the Greek Orthodox Churches looked as if they had been in the London blitz of 1940. But instead of bombs, the attack, described to me by the local people, had been carried out by hundreds of Turks armed with sticks and crowbars. They needed only a few hours to smash windows and doors and chandeliers—the floors were still thickly covered with glass in churches I visited, the pictures ripped up, lamps knocked to pieces and ikons hammered into unrecognisable shapes. In the beautiful Church of St. Demetrius, the mob had pushed through the Byzantine screen, broken the altar, and thrown out and torn into shreds the embroidered vestments of the clergy. The scene in the vast Greek cemetery was macabre. Many of the tombs still lay open or covered with large green wreaths. Down the main avenues of graves lay piles of marble, collected from scores of tombstones, smashed to pieces with crowbars and stones. The cemetery chapel was a mass of charred litter and glass. Corpses dragged out of the graves, bones and skulls, lay heaped together in a building at the bottom of the cemetery. Empty coffins were stacked together outside. The caretaker described to me how his colleague on duty on the night of the riot had climbed up a tree to escape the rioters, and from this vantage point had watched these unbelievable scenes; in some cases—including that of a well-known Greek banker and his family—the tombs were deliberately chosen, bodies dragged out, stabbed with knives and left in heaps.

The most striking feature of this savagery was that it had been carefully planned. The riots started at precisely the same moment in many parts of the city. True, the mob soon got out of control, and the riots went further than those who engineered them intended.

Some weeks before this night of horror, members of an organisation called *Kibris Turktur* (Cyprus is Turkish) had visited shops in Istanbul, making a census of owners. Some shops, where warning had been given, carried notices "Owner is Turkish". They were passed over. On the evening of September 5, just before the breakdown of the London Conference on Cyprus, a stick of dynamite exploded in extremely curious circumstances in the Turkish Consulate in Salonika. I met none who doubted that it was planted there. A few windows were damaged, but no one was hurt. Immediately a report was issued that the birthplace of Kemal Ataturk, the building next door, was destroyed, but this was untrue. The students in Istanbul were the first to make a demonstration. Some hours later, at 6 o'clock in different parts of the city, the riots began. Taxis were filled with people who crossed over from the opposite side of the Bosphorus. The police stood by and in many cases joined in the riots. Those who led the riots knew just where to direct the mobs.

Whilst the main force of Turkish hatred was expended in Istanbul, the same political neurosis led to an attack on 15 senior Greek officers in Smyrna. The mob was directly led to their houses, though they were inconspicuous and widely separated; no one I met believed that this riot was any more spontaneous than that in Istanbul.

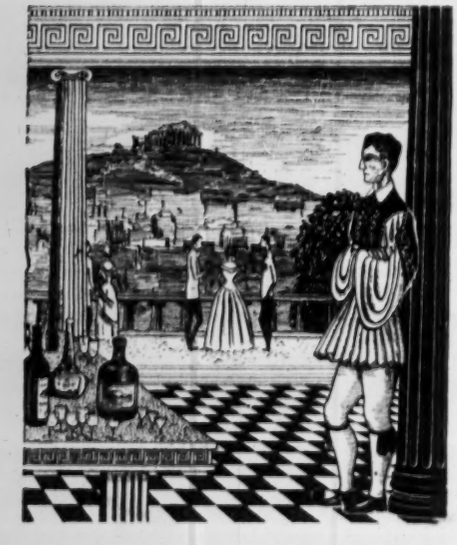
The Turkish Government could not remain inactive, especially when so many important foreign visitors (Mr. R. A. Butler and M. Mendès-France included) were in Istanbul. The Prime Minister later apologised to the Patriarch for the damage done to the Greek churches and to the Israeli Government for the wreckage of Jewish shops. Compensation was promised in both cases, but this still remains an unsettled, and indeed a controversial, issue.

The *Kibris Turktur* organisation was banned. The Chief of Istanbul Police and the Director-General of Turkish Security were replaced. The Governor of Smyrna and the city's Chief of Police were relieved of their posts. Under the pressure of NATO, the Turkish Minister of Communications raised the Greek flag in the presence of the Greek Ambassador, civil and military authorities and the consuls of NATO countries when a new Greek Consulate was opened in Smyrna. The Greeks responded by agreeing to take part in NATO exercises—they had earlier refused to co-operate.

The riots were minutely described in the Greek press, already emotionally overcharged by the Three Power Conference on Cyprus then meeting—and facing deadlock—in London. Opposition papers saw the hand of the British "who used the Turks as their instruments" and now "give the impression that they can no longer control them." The storm of anti-Western feeling in Greece blew still more lustily when Mr. Dulles—surely the most maladroit Foreign Minister of all time—sent practically identical letters to the Greek and Turkish Prime Ministers, urging them not to let the unhappy event of the riots destroy their partnership. The conservative paper *Ethnos*, called this "the most disgraceful expression of cynicism of the stupidest diplomacy of the twentieth century".

The riots in Istanbul have made the Cyprus tangle more tangled. Holding a strategic trump card among the NATO powers, the Turks fully realise that this is the chief reason why their outburst against the Greeks and other minorities was diplomatically slurred over. For the same reason they try to prevent a settlement in Cyprus by holding out for an equal, communal representation with the Greek-speaking population, although their community accounts for only one-fifth of the population. On the other hand, the Greeks can say to the British: "We told you so. The Turkish character hasn't changed". What is undoubtedly true is that the Greeks have been made more suspicious of Western intentions. They believe that the Turkish authorities would have curbed the riots if the British and Americans had not encouraged their anti-Greek fanaticism, and they blame the Western powers for allowing the Turks to delay compensation, and to hold a public inquiry. Tension between Turks and Greeks is increasingly a factor in the Cyprus situation. No Greek believes that Turkey is in a position to act independently of the West.

DOROTHY WOODMAN



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Fleet Street Notebook

NEWSPAPERS, and particularly British newspapers, take an individualistic attitude towards any proposal that they should co-operate for any purpose other than purely trade ones; even then, they suspect and distrust co-operation as a sinister attack on their inalienable right to do just as they please. Those in Britain, especially, have been told so often by politicians and others that the British press is the best in the world (Mr. Aneurin Bevan dissenting) that suggestions of co-operation and discussion with newspapers of other countries commonly produce the same reactions as those of the infant T.U.C. when it remarked in 1874 that the position in Britain was so superior that there could be no reason for meeting the Trade Unions of other countries until they had raised themselves to the same level.

Yet if any profession ought to think internationally it is surely that of the press. Five years ago the International Press Institute—with headquarters in Zurich—was formed for exactly this purpose of bringing editors together to consider common problems. Its subsequent progress is interesting. One example of it is the publication last week of an eye-opening report on the forms of pressure imposed on newspapers by the Governments of more than forty countries which ostensibly accept the principle of the freedom of the press. The Institute was financed in the first place by grants from the Ford and Rockefeller Foundations and because of other American pressures it seemed in some danger of becoming simply another instrument of the cold war. It had a strong bias towards explaining to most of the press of the Continent and as much of the rest of the world as could be roped in how much better newspapers would be if they learnt from American models. Fortunately the various national boards of editors, which soon came into existence, including those in the Asian countries which some of the early American sponsors had regarded as ready-made pupils, thought otherwise. As a result the Institute has gone a good way towards doing what many thought impossible: it has created an international organisation of editors genuinely concerned to improve professional standards and defend press freedom with no ulterior ideological motives other than a belief in the importance of responsible and independent newspapers. It now has 700 members representing 450 newspapers in 30 non-Communist countries, has done a great deal of research into the flow of news and other matters of professional concern.

This year it hopes to free itself from dependence on Foundation grants for its running costs and derive its income entirely from membership subscriptions and contributions from the newspaper industry. Its director, Mr. E. J. B. Rose, who was at one time on the *Observer*, is at present in London looking for British newspaper support. I do not know how much he will get but I am bound to report that up to date, although the Institute represents in many ways one of the most useful and hopeful press developments for a long time, it has had to get along with a great deal of no-enthusiasm from most British newspaper proprietors. It is those countries not yet so blessed as ourselves and the United States with a rich and powerful mass circulation press that have done most to make the Institute a truly independent and international professional body. Although for the credit of British journalism I am glad to be able to say that a number of British editors have worked hard for it, among them, as one might expect, A. P. Wadsworth of the *Manchester Guardian*, Michael Curtis of the *News Chronicle*, David Astor of the *Observer* and Donald Tyerman, now editor of the *Economist*.

This seems a good moment for several well-known newspaper proprietors to show that they too take seriously their own speeches about the high purposes of the British press and the need to sustain press freedom in all parts of the world. Perhaps Lord Beaverbrook, whose *Daily Express* advises its readers daily that "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free" would like to begin. He can do so with a clear conscience. The Institute is uncontaminated. It is not part of the United Nations, Unesco, or even the British Council. If he will not—and so far he has not—perhaps Lord Rothermere and Mr. Cecil King would like to show him the way.

Meanwhile the Institute's latest report, *Government Pressures on the Press*, makes ominous reading and underlines the value of such an international organisation. That freedom of the press does not fully exist in many countries which are notionally democratic is not, of course, news. Such freedom is bound to be a fairly late development in nascent democracies struggling against the dangers of chaos. What is disturbing is the extent to which new forms of government restriction of press freedom have been accepted by the public in countries which are democratic by tradition, including South Africa, Australia and France, and the degree to which the cold war has been used as an excuse for limiting this freedom over a large part of Asia and the Middle East, and in western Germany, Italy, the Netherlands and even the U.S. So far from advancing since the war the freedom of the press has, in fact, declined in every part of the world except Britain, Belgium, Denmark and Sweden.

This is an important and well documented report which everyone who cares about the freedom of news and opinion should study. I find it depressing that the *Daily Worker*, the *Daily Herald*, the *Mirror* and *Sketch*, did not consider it worth even a paragraph.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Winged Gorilla

OFF the stage, theatre people are too often boring. Orson Welles is an exception. Wherever he goes, he carries with him a swirling circle of controversy, hatred, admiration, envy and excitement. When, in 1940, he arrived in Hollywood, he had never even been inside a film studio. He was just 25, and he was in possession of the most generous director's contract in the history of Hollywood. He immediately found himself the object of universal jealousy. He sent out 500 invitations to a lobster-and-champagne party; nobody turned up. He received sinister "welcome" presents: a turkey's claw, a parcel of tripe, insulting postcards. Night-club entertainers sang a nasty little song called "Little Orson Annie." When he entered Romanos, the grey-faced wits whispered, "there, but for the grace of God, goes God." Welles settled back comfortably into splendid isolation, spent a month learning the technique of direction at the R.K.O. studios, and then, in fifteen weeks of intensive shooting, working an 18-hour day, produced *Citizen Kane*, perhaps the greatest, probably the most influential, and certainly the most astonishing film ever made in America.

At the private showing, Welles' enemies were numbed into respectful silence. But among them, eyes half-closed behind green-tinted spectacles, sat the scrawny, glacial figure of Louella Parsons, correspondent for 17 dailies of the Hearst Press, and uncrowned mistress of Hollywood ceremonies. The next day, her master received a private report, indicating that *Citizen Kane*, a devastating study of a megalomaniac newspaper proprietor, was a deliberate attack upon himself. Fourteen Hearst lawyers arrived from New York and invested Hollywood. Across the continent, the gigantic machinery of Hearst abuse was geared into action. Welles was a "bolshevik," an "anarchist," an "agent of a foreign power." In Wall Street, Hearst lobbied the financial giants, enlisted on his side Floyd B. Odlum, five or six Rockefellers, and other millionaires with Hollywood interests. Sam Goldwyn and Louis B. Mayer—both of whom were bored by the film—nervously advised Welles to "donate it to a museum." But Louella Parsons, in attacking Welles, had automatically brought down her rival, Hedda Hopper, on his side. In her determined wake, Miss Hopper dragged the Scripps-Howard chain and the anonymous legions of Mr. Henry Luce. Soon, most of the American press, only too anxious to sink its fangs into the fat calves of the Hearst empire, was clamouring for Welles and free speech. Hollywood, that supreme embodiment of the general will, surrendered, and the film was released in its original version. It got rave notices, played to half-empty houses, lost money, and became part of cinematographic history.

The story of *Citizen Kane* is just one chapter in Welles' life-long struggle with the world's entertainment industries. He has subjected them to frontal assault, sniped at them from afar, been, at times, badly battered in the process, and has left behind him a trail of screaming headlines, nervous breakdowns, angry managers, splintered reputations—and the sheer exhilaration that only genius can excite. Physically, he is well equipped for his exhausting task. Welles is 6ft 3½in tall, weighs 220 pounds, and has one of the most powerful voices in the world. He eats 5 pounds of steak every day, varied by stretches of banana-and-milk diets, and needs only three hours of sleep a night. True, he has asthma and flat feet; but he is never ill, and despite his violent professional and social life, he still reads a book every day of his life.

Welles did not gradually develop into this astonishing physical and intellectual phenomenon—the "Winged Gorilla" as he has been called. So far as can be seen, he was born like it. His parents were not particularly remarkable: a concert-pianist mother, an inventor father, who designed the standard U.S. Army mess-kit. But at two, Welles was already the object of concentrated study on the part of Dr. Maurice A. Bernstein, a celebrated Chicago psychologist. At this age, said Bernstein, Welles spoke "like a cultured adult." At five, he was a competent amateur conjuror. At eight, he had read—and written an analysis of—Nietsche's *Thus Spake Zarathustra*. He was never taught conventional subjects: to this day he cannot solve problems in simple arithmetic. At 12, he was sailing the Atlantic on an ocean liner. "On this trip," he says, "I discovered the magic of money. By signing my name on the chits for everyone's drinks at the bar I was able to cause universal happiness." A year later, he inherited $40,000 on trust and promptly went to the moneylenders. "Orson," says a friend, "was the most knowing, knowledgeable little teen-ager I ever met."

But Welles was saved from being a nauseating infant prodigy, with its inevitable aftermath, by two things: a passion for the stage and a social conscience. At 16, he lied and bluffed himself into the famous Gate Theatre in Dublin. A year later, he prised his way into Broadway, then toured America in Shakespeare and Shaw. He was one of the first to realise the immense potentialities of radio, and by the time he was 20, he was appearing in so many different shows in New York that he had to hire an ambulance to get himself around town. His superb sense of showmanship made him the greatest radio producer of his generation. It also brought him nationwide notoriety. In 1938, in the course of a series of presentations of the World's great Books, he put H. G. Wells' *War of the Worlds* on the air. There was little Wells but a great deal of Welles in the production, and the Martian invasion, broadcast across America in the form of news-flashes, caused

a nationwide panic. The interesting examples of mass-hysteria the broadcast provoked have been analysed by a Princeton sociologist, Professor Hadley P. Cantril, in a lengthy thesis. Welles expressed his "profound sorrow" at the trouble he had caused, and found himself the possessor of the famous Hollywood contract.

For three years Welles struggled with the amoebic mass of clichés and prejudices which constitute the American motion picture industry. After *Citizen Kane,* he was never allowed to get away with it again. *The Magnificent Ambersons,* his second film, was torn to pieces in the cutting room and Welles disowned it. He appeared as an actor, for a gigantic fee, in some standard Hollywood epics, and then plunged into the South American jungles to make a colour documentary, *It's All True.* He overstayed his leave, overspent his budget by $300,000, and returned with thousands of feet of film which could never be shown on the commercial screen. Those who have seen it compare it to *Mexico,* Eisenstein's masterpiece; Hollywood locked it up in the museum. By this time, Welles had had enough of Hollywood; he left the industry licking its wounds, with mingled feelings of hatred and respect. The man who made *Kane* passed away like a bad dream; but its technical innovations have become the small-change of every second feature director.

When Welles left Hollywood, he was at the height of his fame. He was the Michaelangelo, the universal man, of the entertainment world, the only one who had entered its capital on his own terms, conquered, and then left it contemptuously behind him. But since then, his work has fallen into a slow, continuous and tragic decline. There have been the occasional, ephemeral, stage appearances, the disastrous *Macbeth,* the uneven *Othello,* the strange *Confidential Report,* with its echoes—but nothing more—of *Kane.* Welles has become a European society lion, a celebrated diner-out, a voyager in that jostling caravan, led by Ali Kahn and Porfiro Rubirosa, which trails its way from the Carlton to Eden Rock and back again. In *Put Money in Thy Purse* Micheál MacLiammóir has painted the new Welles in a minor masterpiece of Boswellian reporting: the endless chases around Europe to raise money, the constant casting sessions for plays which are never produced, the gigantic schemes, planned only to be abandoned, and the gargantuan, irresistible bursts of wit with which Welles dissolves his troubles. Welles has become, in fact, a character. But what has happened to Welles the artist?

Different people give different explanations. There is the film technician who says: "People misunderstand Welles' post-war work because they think *Kane* was a one-man show. In fact, Welles' achievement in coming to Hollywood as a novice and making a masterpiece at his first shot wasn't so remarkable. The standard of competence at a big studio like M.G.M. or R.K.O. is so high that it is literally impossible for a director to make a technically deficient film. R.K.O. laid out the red carpet for Welles. He got Greg Toland, the greatest cameraman in the world, and in the Mercury Players he had perhaps the best group of actors America has ever produced. *Kane* was the product of a superb team. Welles' main contribution was the fact that he was entirely new to films. He provided the psychological shock which enabled men like Toland to break out of the conventional mould which Hollywood had built round them. Unfortunately, though *Kane* was the product of teamwork, Welles got all the credit; and he fell for his own myth. He went off to Europe—on his own. His post-war films lack not only technical competence but, far more important, the discipline which a good team can impose on their director."

Then there is the film critic: "Welles' mistake was to go to Europe. Basically, behind all the arty window-dressing, Welles is simply an All-American boy. *Kane* was, first and foremost, a brilliant piece of Americana, a penetrating commentary on American life and morals. This is the thing Welles knows about and the thing he can do. He is completely at sea in European culture and European cosmopolitanism. He should go back to where he has his roots—America."

Finally, a script-writer: "Welles is a compound of two things: showmanship and social conscience. He has a tremendous sense of the theatre, of those flashy, exciting conjuring tricks which seize the audience's attention; and he is also interested in big, simple ideas. Before the war, the two sides in him were fused. In New York and Hollywood in the Thirties people were passionately concerned with social justice and what was going on in the world. Welles shared this concern. It became a tremendous driving force in him, giving sense and significance to his showmanship. The result was a picture like *Kane.* But now he's no longer interested in ideas. The showmanship is still there—you can see it in *Othello,* and in the sheer *bravura* of his performance in *Moby Dick.* But it's hollow. Welles will never make a great picture again unless he recovers his capacity to *care* about things."

Which is the right answer? Probably a combination of all three. Like all men who have met success at an early age, Welles is arrogant and contemptuous of advice. Today he is a lonely man, with thousands of acquaintances but few real friends. He rarely sees the people who knew and admired him in the Thirties. Nevertheless, everyone who has worked with him—including those who are now his bitterest critics—insist that Welles will inevitably stage a comeback. Sooner or later, they say, a combination of circumstances—a chance meeting with a scriptwriter, a newspaper headline, a conversation at luncheon—will set in motion the physical and intellectual machinery which created *Kane.* It may be this year, it may be next, but when it comes the world will be a richer place. Last week Welles returned to Broadway. Perhaps the combination of circumstances is even now being assembled.

Church Militant

As we drove out of the reservation in Father Donnell's old tinpot of a jeep we passed the Archbishop in his Cadillac. It came to rest a few yards off, between the rows of coffee plants. "If we hadn't stopped for anyone after lunch," Father Donnell said, putting on his brakes, "we'd have missed him altogether." He got unwillingly out and went over to the Archbishop who sat at the wheel. The back of the car was full of women in strange, grey clothes on which were sewn grey linen crosses.

Father Donnell came thoughtfully back. He said, "We can go on, but he wants us to meet him at the Niguru Mission for a chat at teatime. He's going up to my place now. I hope to God there's someone at home besides Patsy One-Eye."

"Who were those women?" I said. Father Donnell's face dried up like an apple dumpling that had been left too long in the oven. He replied gloomily and ambiguously, "I fear the worst."

That afternoon we called on some women settlers who were living alone very courageously on the edge of the Kikuyu reserve. The shotguns in the hall, the revolvers on their laps, the big Boxer dogs couched protectively by the wire fences called to my mind what life must have been like in the early days of American colonisation. Father Donnell was preoccupied. When one of the women mentioned the attack on his mission a few weeks gone, he hadn't the heart to tell a good story. "Oh, the poor fellows," he said, "they didn't know any better."

"If you hadn't had twenty yards start to the forest—."

"They've been misled," he said.

The Niguru Mission was quite a different spot from Father Donnell's tin hut on the top of a hill. Outside the reserve, on land owned by Europeans, it had been built in less troublesome times and built to last. I was reminded a little of a military barracks designed by Lutyens. The very sight of it in the distance aroused Father Donnell; he became as mischievous as a small boy from a poor home taken to see a rich and pompous relative.

"We'll pull Father Schmidt's leg," he said. "Poor man, living there with all those holy nuns, year in, year out."

"Have they had any trouble?" I asked.

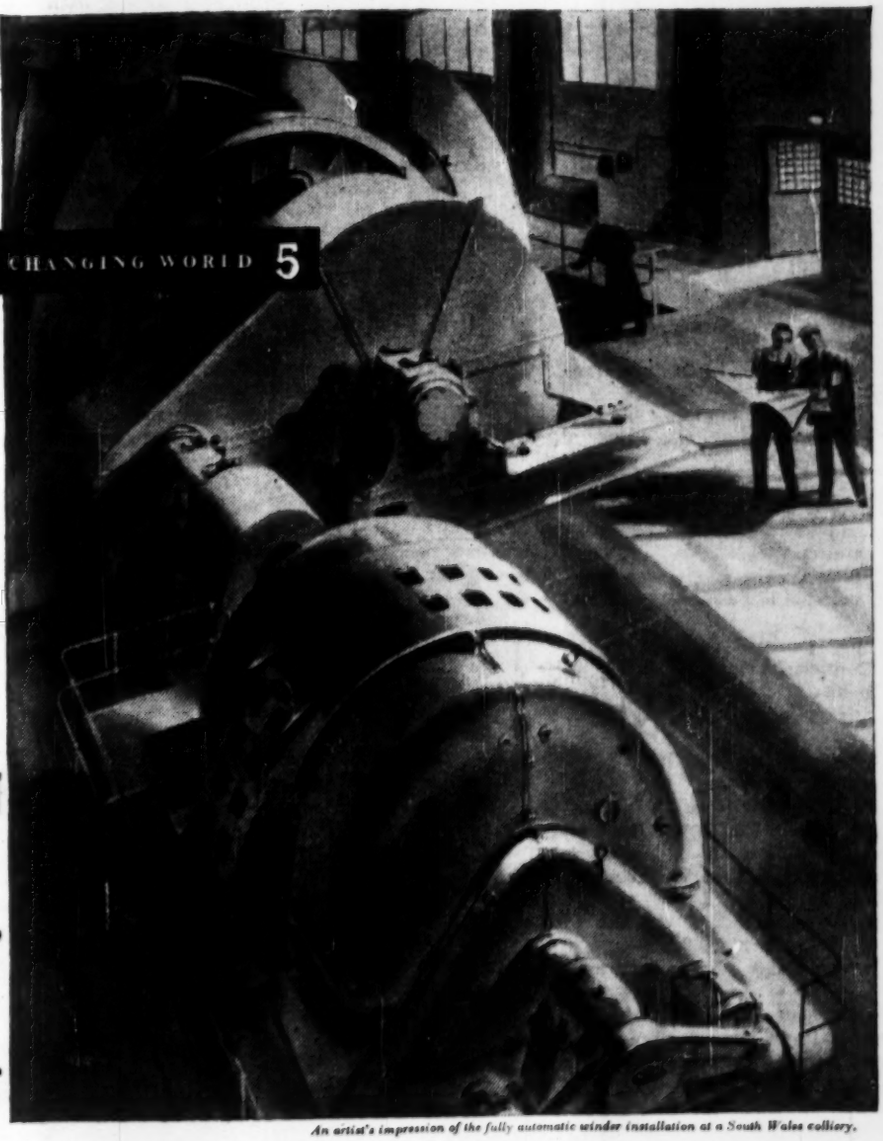
"Trouble!" Father Donnell exclaimed in his house-proud accent. "They've got fifty Home Guard stuck around the place and if a dog so much as barks, away goes a rocket and they have the Devons shooting up the drive. What chance have the Mau Mau, poor devils, with a place like that?"

We parked the car as silently as Father Donnell's gears would permit round a corner of the Italianate chapel and went to look for Father Schmidt. In the great square of the place a nun went bustling by and Father Donnell called out to her, "Hi, sister!"

"How are you, father?"

"Trying to avoid me, are you? Think I've come begging for eggs, eh?"

G.E.C. AND THE CHANGING WORLD 5



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"I just didn't see you, father."

"Well, I've some bad news for all of you, sister."

"Bad news? Is it General Kimathi?"

"What, that poor ignorant fellow? No, sister. The Archbishop's descending on you all, in next to no time! In his brand new Cadillac."

"But what's he doing this way?"

"I have my fears," Father Donnell said, moving on.

We found Father Schmidt in his room. He was fast asleep on a couple of chairs, with the shutters drawn to keep the sun out; a very old man with snow-white hair, very close to the last sleep of all. I wouldn't have woken him, but Father Donnell had no such scruples. "Father Schmidt, Father Schmidt!" he called.

Father Schmidt raised one thick white eyebrow. "Oh, it's you," he said, and prepared to sleep again.

"Wake up, father. It's serious trouble we have."

Father Schmidt reluctantly put his feet on the floor. "Have they attacked you again? I heard no shots last night."

"They've done worse, Father Schmidt. They've driven away the cows and killed the chickens and we've come to beg for some of your home-made wine."

"I suppose I must give you a few bottles perhaps, but what has wine got to do with your cows?"

"Oh, they poisoned our well too. We've nothing to drink, father. And we'll need six of your labourers to carry the things."

"What is wrong with your car?"

"They burnt that."

"Then how did you come here?"

"We walked all the way."

The old man shambled to his feet and made for the cupboard. The bottom shelf was full of bottles.

"We're starving, father. We'll need all those bottles."

"They have not been filled yet. We will have to take them to the barrel."

"And bread, father. We've used up all our bread."

Grumbling gutterally old Father Schmidt produced two loaves and half a pound of butter. "It is all I have, Father Donnell."

"And eggs."

He took three eggs out of a china dish.

"And a side of beef, father."

"What reason would I have for keeping a side of beef? You know very well I do not eat meat. For that you must go to the sister-in-charge. I have some biscuits. You had better sit down and eat."

I wondered how far Father Donnell would let the joke go, for there were only a very few sweet biscuits left in the tin and Father Schmidt turned away his face to hide a grimace when Father Donnell dipped a finger towards the tin.

"Look at his face," Father Donnell said. "The sweetest tooth this side of the Indian Ocean. Don't be afraid, father. It was a little jest we were having."

Father Schmidt looked down at his big black boots and said: "Will you ever grow up, Father Donnell?"

"Ah, don't be angry, father. I'll be as old as you one day. But I've real news for you. The Archbishop's due here any minute with a cargo of ladies."

"Ladies?"

"The Little Sisters of Charles de Foucauld."

"Haven't I got enough women in the place?"

"They don't want to have anything to do with you, father. They want a plot in the reserve."

"Who's going to pay for them?"

"They want to live like African women, build their own huts . . . till the ground . . . I told them I wanted nurses for a hospital, but they'll have none of that they say, except the emptying of the slops. 'Perhaps you'll teach in my school?' I said. Oh, no. They'll sweep the floors, they won't teach. I said, 'There's no room for you in my small mission,' and they said they'd take a bit of ground outside it. 'We only want half an acre,' they said. 'It belongs to the Kikuyu,' I said, 'with all this trouble, how can we ask them for land?' 'If the Lord wants us here, the Lord will give us half an acre,' they said. What can you do with women like that?"

"It's not right," Father Schmidt said. "They ought to stay in Europe."

"There's a lot of them in the north."

"The north is different. There's plenty of room for madness in the desert."

"Here's the Archbishop," Father Donnell said, as the Cadillac bumped softly in.

Father Schmidt went to greet him and Father Donnell whispered to me, "A saint if ever there was one."

"The Archbishop?"

"Of course not. Oh, he's a good man in his way, but. . . ."

The Archbishop entered. His big cross lay at a slight angle over his stomach.

"How are you? How are you?" he said. "I'm very glad to meet you. It's a beautiful day for a ride if it wasn't for the state of the roads. I like to get out of the city, and the sisters were a good excuse. No, I won't have a cup of tea, thank you. Just one of those sweet biscuits, thank you, thank you. The sisters are looking after my ladies and showing them the chapel and then we must be off. I like to get back before it's very late in these dangerous days. Oh, thank you, thank you, but I seem to be eating them all up, when I really just wanted to explain about my ladies. They're French, Father, like you."

"I'm no more French," Father Schmidt said, "than you're English."

"Ah, touché, touché," the Archbishop said with a genial laugh. His bonhomie was continuous. I was reminded of a cheer-leader at a baseball match.

"What do they want here?" Father Schmidt said.

"Well, you know how it is with the Sisters of Charles de Foucauld. They want a bit of land to work like the natives."

"These parts are unsuitable for women," Father Schmidt said.

"That's why they want to be here. It's their vocation." The Archbishop brushed some crumbs off his waistcoat and said: "I've given them one plot in the city at Moragumbi."

"But that is a terrible place," Father Schmidt said. "That was where they dug up those strangled bodies. Their throats will all be cut," he added accusingly.

"It's their vocation, father, it's their vocation. You are too materialist. We all of us have our vocations. You and me and Father Donnell. One mustn't interfere with a vocation."

"Fifty-five years ago I remember a novice master who didn't believe in encouraging a vocation."

"I'm not dealing with novices, father; it's as I said, you are too materialist, living here comfortably with all these sisters to look after you."

"They will not stay alive a month. Who will look after *them*?"

"They'll look after themselves, father."

"They are women," Father Schmidt said sadly and wistfully.

The Archbishop took Father Donnell out into the shadowy square "to meet the ladies properly." He walked jauntily, like a leader: there was no question about his vocation either.

Father Schmidt sat silent over his empty tin of sweet biscuits. Once he shook his head at his own thoughts.

I wondered how I could cheer him. I was an outsider, a visiting journalist. I said, "These empty bottles in your cupboard . . ."

He raised his old eyes.

I said, "If we loaded half a dozen in the back of Father Donnell's jeep, then when he drives off there'll be such a clatter . . . I don't know what the Archbishop will think."

Father Schmidt rose. "It is a very good idea." He stumped in his big boots towards the cupboard. The Archbishop was talking earnestly to Father Donnell. Neither of them saw us laden with the bottles. Father Schmidt took up a position between me and them, straddling with his legs, making a curtain of his soutane, while I laid the bottles in the bottom of the jeep. Then we went back to where the Archbishop, surrounded by the non-comprehending French faces of his ladies, was having his last word with Father Donnell.

"At a time like this," Father Donnell said, "we can't ask the poor creatures for even half an acre."

"It's to help a vocation."

"How can you expect the Kikuyu to understand that? They'll think we are stealing the land. And aren't we stealing it?"

"For God, father."

"I thought God owned the land already. Without us." He got angrily into his jeep and I followed him. "Goodbye, your excellency."

"Good-bye, father. Just think about it. I'm sure you'll come round to my opinion."

"Goodbye, Father Schmidt."

"Goodbye, Father Donnell."

He drove off and the bottles merrily clinked and clanked, but looking back I could see no sign that the Archbishop had heard, nor had Father Donnell. He bumped onwards into the reserve lost in thought. I had to turn on the lights myself. The noise of our progress made me uneasy in the growing darkness. I said, "Don't you think . . . these bottles. . . ."

"Bottles?"

"They are so noisy. If the Mau Mau—" I tried nervously to suggest.

"Poor fellows," Father Donnell said. "How could we ever make them understand. . . ?"

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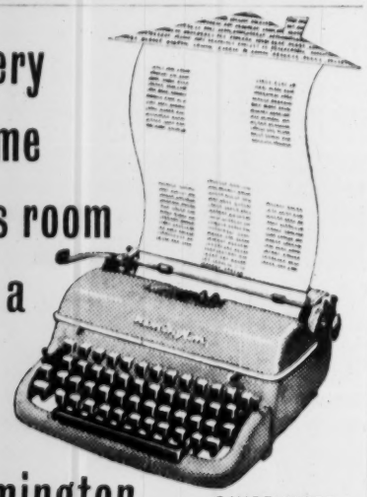

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BURSTING rudely into Sir Kenneth Clark's "green, remote cockaigne" of commercial programmes of quality, the open row between Mr. Aidan Crawley and the contractors has exposed the latter as adopting a curiously short-sighted attitude. Even by their own commercial standards they have behaved stupidly.

In Mr. Crawley's Independent Television News they had a really valuable property at a remarkably economic price. A lively technique of newscasting has been developed and two completely new TV personalities, Christopher Chataway and Robin Day—perhaps ITV's only new personalities—have been discovered. The total strength of the ITN staff, including technicians and secretaries, is 160. Yet the cost of supporting this service has been equivalent to little more than £300,000 a year. This is well below the estimate, presented and accepted last summer, on which the programme companies told Mr. Crawley to go ahead. At this rate news is probably the cheapest programme per minute on television. Even so, Mr. Crawley has had to battle for months against constant attempts to cut not only the time devoted to news but the money spent on it.

Such parsimony may seem the more strange because, as we are reminded in other connections, this initial period is necessarily the most expensive: when provincial stations are in operation, and the costs are spread over the network, news will be an insignificant item in the budget of any one programme-company—insignificant both absolutely and in relation to its value, for, as picture-magazine editors know, really vital news-pictures have a mass appeal almost comparable with that of a film-star's torso or a royal ceremony. But people who "know all about light entertainment" (the stock excuse for handing over this medium to such persons as Mr. Prince Littler, Mr. Val Parnell and Mr. Lew Grade) would be quite incompetent to produce *Picture Post* or the *Daily Mirror*, to which television news is much more nearly akin.

To some extent the network argument applies in reverse in this case. For one element in the long-drawn-out disputes that culminated in Mr. Crawley's resignation was the attitude to ITN of at least one of the provincial contractors. There was not, indeed, an outright refusal to take this service at all, for acceptance of it is a condition of the contracts; but there was an apparent anxiety to cut it to a minimum. Mr. Crawley's resignation precipitated Sir Kenneth Clark's statement on the indispensability of at least twenty minutes' news a day, and has probably, therefore, saved this excellent service from being whittled down to almost complete obliteration.

Some of those working for the London companies blame Mr. Howard Thomas, of Associated British Cinemas (in charge of the Birmingham week-end programme), for refusing to take two of ATV's more intelligent items, *Sunday Afternoon* and *Free Speech*. The latter survives, for the London region; but *Sunday Afternoon* is being killed.

Mr. Thomas himself shows no sense of guilt. On the contrary, he argues vigorously that it is necessary and desirable that the provincial programmes should show as much material as possible of regional interest. Thus, there will obviously be a strong local flavour in programmes with such titles as *Local Boy Makes Good* and *Home Town Saturday Night*; and on Sunday afternoons Mr. Frederick Laws, in *The Lively Arts*, will encourage Midland viewers to enjoy the architecture and art of their own towns.

The manner of the killing of *Sunday Afternoon* was characteristically insensitive. Mr. Parnell mentioned it casually when being interviewed by the *News Chronicle* critic, Mr. James Thomas; and the producer, Mr. John Irwin, had no opportunity of warning performers or staff of their fate, for he, like them, first learned of it through seeing about it in the paper. It is, in any case, unlikely that Mr. Parnell knows what he is killing; for he is busy at the London Palladium on Sunday afternoons, preparing his Sunday night show. He has been heard to refer to *Sunday Afternoon* as "that show with that Dame reading poetry in it"; though of the eight hours that *Sunday Afternoon* has so far filled, Dame Edith Sitwell has occupied, in all, about ten minutes.

It is hard to hack a little daylight through this hucksters' jungle. The few intelligent people still working in commercial television fight for their tiny ration of time and exchange cynical anecdotes of Caliban; but keep their heads high in public and still argue, their eyes suspiciously bright, that even these horrors are a lesser evil than the flannelette bureaucracy of Wood Lane.

The BBC has its faults. They are sometimes exaggerated: a timid and prudish corporation would hardly have put on *Woman Alone*, that admirable recent documentary on unmarried mothers. Unfortunately, it is almost impossible to exaggerate the faults of commercial television (though here, also, there are some individual programmes of merit). If anything decent is to be made of it as a whole, the ITA will have to exercise an ever stronger influence—perhaps by using some of that hitherto ungranted £750,000 for producing news (as Mr. Crawley has suggested) and other programmes, sooner than had been intended. That might turn out to be the first really independent television.

TOM DRIBERG

The Battle

THE movement gathers more and more force, extending from Guttuso in Sicily to Theodore Major in Wigan. What is this movement? The kitchen-sink school? Social Realism? The name, deprecating or proud, doesn't matter. It is a movement of protest. A protest of young zeal against old expediency? Partly. A political protest against capitalism? Partly. A protest against art becoming a snob commodity? Partly also. But above all it is a protest against the squalor of indulgent dishonesty and self-deception: the kind of dishonesty which pretends that five million Communist votes in France do not really reflect the will of five million people: the kind of pathological self-deception which claims that the "action" paintings included in the American exhibition at the Tate have anything to do with art.

This month the London reader can study for himself the disposition of the forces. On one hand there is the American exhibition and the paintings of Maga Cordell at the Hanover Gallery; on the other hand there is the selection of realist pictures from the Salon de la Jeune Peinture at the Marlborough Galleries, the first exhibition of an extremely talented young English painter called Peter Coker, at Zwemmers, and, for all its obtuseness, Frank Auerbach's show at the Beaux Arts, which I mentioned last week.

The American exhibition, lent by the Museum of Modern Art in New York, includes impressive works by the older generation of painters, Ben Shahn's social comments, Edward Hopper's paintings of city loneliness, Feininger's engineering poems, Stuart Davis's jazz abstracts—almost fluorescent in their colour vibrations, Niles Spender's Léger-like canvases of industrial components. But its main emphasis, in the catalogue and in presentation, is on the post-war "Action" painters, "abstract expressionists," or whatever one chooses to call Jackson Pollock, de Kooning and their followers. They call themselves "Action" painters because they believe that their art can be born only in the violent Act of making

marks on the canvas and has nothing to do with conscious thought or intention. I cannot describe the results better than by quoting Lawrence Alloway's lyrical introduction of praise to Maga Cordel's show. She belongs to the same school whose pictures are "like a city after a battle; the walls are splashed, scarred, clotted, imprinted with the traces of human violence and necessity." One need only add that this necessity is a simple biological one for which lewd shepherds have a grosser name.

For their own sake these slashed, scratched, dribbled-upon, violated canvases would not be worth taking seriously. The disturbing fact is that many intelligent, talented people do take them seriously. In last week's *Listener* there was a psychoanalytical article defending them; in Paris and New York thousands, including painters and museum officials, allow themselves to be deceived by them. The claim is that all the "accidents" of their execution express the unconscious mind of the artist. Certainly, creative workers have always, to some extent, relied upon the subconscious, and upon spontaneous, apparent "accidents." But they have not courted such accidents to the point of courting disaster. These works, in their creation and appeal, are a full expression of the suicidal despair of those who are completely trapped within their own dead subjectivity. Erich Fromm, in his most important book, *The Fear of Freedom*, wrote: "Destructiveness is the result of unlived life." Behind these works is the same motive of revenge against subjective fears as there is behind the political policy of clinging to the "protection" of the H. Bomb.

The young French realists *live* their lives, and it is for this reason that many of their works, although they are unbright in colour, full of sharp threadbare lines and earthy in subject matter, are a triumphant vindication of the supreme value of human life, and squalid only to those who expect art to wear a fancy dress. Since many art schools do expect this, it is not surprising that of these eighteen painters, nine, including all the most skilful and imaginative ones, are self-taught, as also is Rebeyrolle, not represented here, but in some ways the leader of the group.

Here are the unafraid pictures of the future: René Aberlenc's picture of a Parisian *place* with a few trees in it, the walls of the delapidated houses weary of proclamations and posters, but, because the space has been so positively established, the stage set for anything, for children playing tick, for Henry Miller's dogs under the trees, for lovers, for those who will one day restore Paris; and the same artist's two canvases of chickens in a yard, combining the lessons of Cubist looking-down perspective, Courbet's tangibility and Degas's eye for the awkward angles of action: Simone Dat's magnificent canvases of market crowds and of the heads of peasants in conversation, with their Daumier-like observation of the compulsions lying behind character and their Seurat-like concern for the exact, typical silhouette.

There are many examples of this genre in the show. Elizabeth Dujarric de la Rivière's double self-portrait, limpid as a child's eyes: Michel Gallard's old woman picking up two chickens, all black, beating wings, black feathers, black stockings, a black straw-hat, fussy as a broody hen . . . but also, in another context, the grandmother of a pink, cherub-like baby: Roger Grand's picture of Parisian roofs and windows, tender in colour as a Bonnard, but each room behind its curtains and washing on a string, personal as a pocket handkerchief used for anything: and his *Bathers* and *Standing Nude*, a little reminiscent of Blue Picassos but less sentimental, tentatively and most poetically painted to establish the modesty—not of side-leering prudish morality—but of the body itself until roused: James Taylor's sharply drawn panel of Derain's house, the lines tending to strike the forms like tangents a circle, and the white walls and the white sky blanching each other: Michel Thompson's very skilfully painted, sparse, austere still lives, of a packet of Gauloises, a few cherries, a

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glass, a bottle-opener, real, avoiding *trompe l'oeil,* and having the intimate significance of objects taken from a man's pockets and laid out, all apart, on a white cloth. These artists, as I have tried to suggest, are in the tradition of French painting. Learning from the past but with all their allegiance given to the present, they are the true innovators.

Peter Coker's work is an important contribution to the school of English Realism, which is complementary to and equal with the French school. Occasionally the vigour of his painting is not matched by a sharp enough analysis of form. But in his best works, *Man Carrying Pig, Sheep's Head on Newspaper, La Plaine de Chailly,* he combines a wonderful conviction of surface and form. As for the charge of brutality against so many carcases, this can only be made by those who have never skinned or paunched an animal themselves; paté is the result of as much sensibility as it appeals to.

Lastly, although outside the main argument, I recommend Adrian Ryan's show at Tooth's. His *Oak Tree in Summer* is a very fine painting which justifies all its romantic drama. It could illustrate Van Gogh's remark that, "If one draws a tree as if it were a living being, and it really is so after all, the surroundings follow in due course."

JOHN BERGER

Seamier and Seamier

"The Desperate Hours," at the Plaza

"The Man with the Golden Arm," at the Odeon

"Trial," at the Empire

"The Terrible Road," at the National Film Theatre

The melodramas of domesticity are Mr. William Wyler's especial province. Husbands come back from the wars; business greed tyrannises over a family; Dodsworth—well, dodsworths; there are excursions into such semi-classics as *Carrie* and *The Letter.* Always the social question and the slap-up magazine manner come to terms. In *Dead End Kids*—very early on—he achieved something a good deal better. Crime, in fact, breaks through the shiny, solid-seeming preoccupation. *The Desperate Hours* conjoins very neatly this taste for the homely bromide and the criminal tonic. Three escaped murderers on the run decide to picket themselves on a household in a wealthy suburb. There is a boy's bicycle on the lawn. "I like a bicycle outside," says Mr. Bogart, gangster in chief; and the implications of this tender-seeming preference soon make themselves felt.

They drive the car into the garage, knock at the door: the moment being chosen, of course, when the husband is out. Some revolver play, a few icy threats—obviously meant—and elephantine gambols from the bulkiest if least of the invaders, and they are quite at home. They explore, they insist in a lordly way on meals, they locate the drink cupboard. This home life must—to any outside eye—go on just as it always has done. One by one—hubby, a daughter—they walk into the new routine. The gangsters' trump card is junior. Any monkey business, and he'll be the first to go. Thus everyone's hands are—invisibly—tied, so that hubby even has to go out to the office as usual, and the daughter must drive out with a lover.

The situation has a grim, larky tension, as in some chess-game by a master in which every move, urging that same threat, conveys a thrill. The telephone rings. A van drives up: some tradesman's pay day. One or other of the family tries to rebel, and the immediately ruthless treatment stifles a sequel. Headlines flare out, police are at a loss, there's a girl and a hideaway somewhere at the end of a telephone wire, and only money is needed. Then, as the hours, even the days, go on, the cracks in the gangster front begin to show.

Two revolvers in the hands of the three get shuffled. One man decides to break out; the other has to follow a tradesman who has spotted the old car in the garage, and shoot him dead on a heath. The battle of wills between the husband (Fredric March) and the master-killer enters a new phase with the latter on the defensive. Will anyone in the family suffer when at last the siege is relieved?

It is a considerable tribute to the skill of this film that one soon guesses what will be the outcome, and yet allows oneself to be excitedly spoofed along. An excellent performance by Fredric March helps to ensure this, and Bogart is the real old ironic tiger if one didn't by now accept him only too readily as such.

Even more sensational if less well-managed is Otto Preminger's *The Man with the Golden Arm* —a sort of *Lost Week-End* of the drug-addict, with lapses into *Ten Nights in a Bar Room.* Mr. Frank Sinatra comes home from prison hospital to a crippled wife in a back street and the temptations of a "fix" and the girl below. The plot may grind old-fashionedly, but the "terrible warning" produces some hair-raising sequences about drug-hunger, sprees, the week-end poker game, while a repetitive music score sets the nerves on edge.

The third film to warn us this week of the dangers of being American concerns the trial of an innocent Mexican boy for murder, and the efforts of almost everyone from the local police and the lynchers to the Communist Party (who have earmarked him as a martyr), to ensure his hanging. The merit of the piece lies in its revelation of the meritorious at work, but it is not so tough as it pretends.

And to take the bad taste out of the mouth after these comes a Norwegian-Jugoslav film about a concentration camp in Norway during the occupation. Its horrors are far more real; it imprints its wide landscapes and the dreadful little murder ground so that we cannot escape; and yet the taste remains good. Feeling and restraint achieve what exploitation and entertainment could never dream of. The film will be shown at the National Film Theatre from Jan. 22-25.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

A prospect of advancement

To assist young men and women in search of advancement and employers in search of intelligent recruits, the Manchester Guardian is again planning a series of whole-page careers announcements.

On each weekday between January 23 and March 9, leading industries and business concerns will in turn present the various advantages of a career with them. Prospective employers will give a full account of their organisation, together with details of qualifications required and training offered.

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MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

Leslie Chabay, at the Wigmore Hall

Leslie Chabay, an American tenor of Hungarian extraction with a distinguished reputation in his adopted country, made his first London appearance at the Wigmore Hall on Friday, January 13. Inauspicious date! The platform lights failed, robbing our principal recital room of such cheerfulness as it possesses and, for a considerable part of the evening, leaving the valiant Ernest Lush playing imperturbably in semi-darkness. Mr. Chabay's records have been warmly praised, and indeed his tone, penetrating rather than powerful, perfectly focused and except for some rather cloudy notes in the lower register, clear as a bell, seems ideally suited to the gramophone. The singer's highly cultivated musicianship compensates for a lack of natural warmth in the voice: some religious songs by Monteverdi, Viadana and Schütz immediately revealed a sympathetic grasp of style and an ability to weld florid passages into the long curve of the melodies without losing a tithe of their expressive value. In a Schubert group, the declamatory songs such as the fine *Die Liebe hat gelogen* were more persuasive that the lyrical *Frühlingsglaube* and *Im Frühling* where, for all the finely spun phrasing, the lack of purely sensuous appeal became slightly oppressive. The best things came after the interval with four of Mussorgsky's vivid thumbnail sketches and some folk song arrangements by Bartok and Kodaly, upon which Mr. Chabay lavished innumerable subtleties of rhythm and colour. A remarkable performance of an excerpt from Rossini's *Barber,* given as an encore, provided striking evidence of his versatility. It is strange that a singer of this quality should have taken so long to reach London.

R. C.

Correspondence

HOW "FORWARD" WAS SOLD

SIR,—As secretary of Unity Publishing Co., Ltd., may I say that the objections by Mr. Emrys Hughes, M.P., to the way *Forward* was sold are completely unjustified. The communications between the company and its shareholders which Mr. Hughes has chosen to publish give the facts fully and clearly and show there was no alternative to the course recommended. Whether, by publicising the financial difficulties of one of the country's few Socialist periodicals, Mr. Hughes has rendered any service to the Labour movement is another matter.

The directors of Unity Publishing Co. had to sell *Forward* because rising costs, which have driven so many weekly papers out of existence, had made *Forward* insolvent. Sale of the paper was the only way to safeguard the position of the company's creditors and shareholders. Mr. Hughes received the statutory period of notice for the shareholders' meeting. It could not have been postponed or adjourned. Because of the danger of legal action by the company's principal creditors every delay threatened *Forward* with cessation of publication. There are, in any case, only seven shareholders, mostly known to each other, outside the board, so the problem of communication between them is not great.

Because of the company's financial position, the search for capital had obviously to be conducted in confidence. Any director who felt it was in the best interests of the future of *Forward* could have approached Mr. Hughes and invited an offer from him. But there was equally no obligation, moral or otherwise, on the directors to make such an approach to Mr. Hughes. The board has two directors, including the chairman, who hold the Labour Party point of view and who have controlled the policy of *Forward*. Mr. Hughes has strongly opposed them in the past and has sought at annual general meetings to prevent their re-election. The board also contains two directors with Scottish Nationalist and pacifist points of view. It is reasonable to assume that the various directors sought assistance in the quarters where their political sympathies lay.

Three months elapsed between the board's first decision to seek financial help and the shareholders' meeting. Contrary to Mr. Hughes's view, a number of approaches were made in various quarters of the Labour movement, including Scottish trade unions. During all that time the only offer was the one which Dr. James Welsh obtained from Mr. John Diamond, the National Treasurer of the Fabian Society and previously M.P. for Blackley. This offer had the support of Mr. Thomas Johnston, the founder of *Forward* and still one of its principal shareholders. The board, despite its differing views, accepted the offer. At the subsequent shareholders' meeting a decisive majority of shareholders voted for the transfer of ownership. The offer was a generous one. Commercially the shares of Unity Publishing Co. are now worth little or nothing. But Mr. Diamond's offer will allow all shareholders to be repaid their shareholding in full.

Mr. Hughes complains that he was told only at the shareholders' meeting that Mr. Alf Robens and Mr. Sam Watson were to be directors of the new *Forward* company. Since Unity Publishing Co. were selling the paper, we had no particular right to know who the future directors were to be. But Mr. Diamond informed us that he was anxious that both our shareholders, and the readers of *Forward*, should have the fullest information about the future of the paper. It could not be provided earlier than it was, as the new company is still in the process of formation. Indeed, Mr. Watson confirmed his association only a couple of days before our meeting. Mr. Harry Greenhill, the chairman of Unity Publishing Co., and Dr. Welsh, who have been in control of *Forward* for some time, were also asked to join the new organisation. They will ensure continuity in the development plans which are to be announced shortly. As the shareholders were told in the letter quoted by Mr. Hughes, *Forward* will remain independent. It will continue to spread the principles of Democratic Socialism and to support the Labour Party. It will be enabled to render more effective service to the Scottish Labour movement and to extend its influence over a much wider field. Independence should not always be equated with opposition to the policy of the Labour Party.

G. M. THOMSON,
Secretary.

Unity Publishing Co., Ltd.,
308 Clyde Street, Glasgow, C.1.

EPIDEMIC CANCER

SIR,—I would like to congratulate you on publishing an informative article under the above heading. Discussion of the facts about the ill-effects of cigarette smoking is very unpopular in Britain, where it is estimated that in 1955 more than 19,000,000 adults over sixteen years of age were smokers of cigarettes. Few people realise the extent of the damage already done, but in the last ten years 100,000 men and women have died in England and Wales from lung cancer. Unless action is taken quickly, 200,000 at least will die in the next decade.

Here then is the epidemic, the peak of which is not in sight. Other epidemics, such as poliomyelitis, pale into insignificance by comparison.

What should be done? The duty of the Minister of Health is clear. He should accept the advice of the most authoritative medical committee in the land, the Standing Medical Advisory Committee, and constantly inform the public of the risks of cigarette smoking. Unfortunately, Mr. Butler, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, expressed the hope that nobody would give up smoking. It is true that Treasury policy controls Ministry of Health activity and the £650,000,000 collected from the tobacco tax exercises a great influence.

Few families in the country will fail to be affected by this scourge and the press could give great help by ensuring that the facts are not frequently obscured by sunshine stories.

The whole medical profession has an opportunity of playing a part in preventive medicine by abstaining from smoking and thus setting an example that millions would follow. Meanwhile, the medical press might emulate the Journal of the American Medical Association, which, since January, 1954, has refused to accept advertisements for tobacco products.

Members of Parliament who came out strongly in such a preventive campaign would find wide backing among the general public, for not only is cancer beginning to cause anxiety, but thousands of housewives are worried by the increasing coughs which resound through the household. As suggested by your correspondent, bronchitis takes a tremendous toll of our community. In 1951 26.6 million working days were lost from this cause, while 36,000 people died in the same year. Cigarettes—not the sole cause—played a cumulative role in the lives of many of these pathetic sufferers.

It would be unfortunate if the widespread addiction to tobacco, and the many vested interests associated with its sale and taxation, prevented appropriate action being taken to deal with our most urgent and lethal medico-social problem.

Central Middlesex Hospital, HORACE JOULES
London, N.W.10.

SIR,—In my article on lung cancer last week, I presented coronary thrombosis and cancer of the lung as "epidemics" of western society. That passage is so clearly derived from the teaching of my friend and colleague, Dr. J. N. Morris, that authorship, so I understand, is being attributed to him. I think it appropriate, therefore, to acknowledge sole authorship and to say that he was in no way concerned with it.

Gower Street, W.C.1. NICOLAS MALLESON

MENTAL HEALTH

SIR,—It should perhaps be made clear that Professor Eysenck's comments are not concerned with the discoveries of psychoanalysis which constitute a milestone in human development. They, and they alone, have enabled us to understand and treat many conditions which before Freud were considered strange or even monstrous curiosities. Dr. Eysenck bases his arguments merely on the absence of sufficiently safeguarded statistical proof of success in treatment. He

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is right here, but psychoanalysts are too much aware of the complexities of their subject to embark lightly on statistical investigations, and have too much respect for the intricacies of the human mind to accept criteria of "success" as hitherto offered.

The deeper source of conflict would appear to lie in the following fundamentally contradictory attitudes:—

(1) Quest for certainty and absolute truth.

(2) Our growing recognition of the fact that in human psychology, at least in so far as it is relevant in connection with psychotherapy, the interaction between the observer and the observed, the doctor and the patient, cannot be eliminated.

The latter attitude makes higher demands on our tolerance for uncertainty and for the possibility that *any* observation may be strictly valid only in the situation in which it is made. S. H. FOULKES

Maudsley Hospital,
London, S.E.5.

COST OF ARCHITECTS

SIR,—It is, I think, significant that neither "Freeholder" nor "Builder" care to put their names to their own statements. Both exaggerate the importance of untypical incidents. Both feel free to criticise architects in general, while remaining conveniently anonymous.

There is, nevertheless, one item in "Builder's" letter which deserves serious notice. Many architects today will agree that there is an urgent need for some kind of pre-design consultation between builder and architect. Unfortunately, the system described by "Builder" is one which is plainly wide open to abuse. If, however, architect, quantity surveyor and builder could come together, before the architect starts planning, to agree on Bill of Quantities rates, the architect could design more economically and to within much finer limits of what the client is willing to spend. Such a system would be much fairer to all the parties concerned, and would incidentally tend to encourage mutual confidence.

"Builder's" long list of complaints, boiled down, amount to two contentions: (1) That contractors are expected to provide numerous and excessively irksome incidental services, for which they receive no monetary reward, and (2) that architects are unreasonably demanding and have no understanding of contractors' labour and credit difficulties.

With regard to the former, I know of no trade or profession which renders a service and at the same time has no irksome "overhead" duties to perform. In fact such services by builders are, quite legitimately, covered by profits. In other words, the cost of estimating, for instance, is passed on to the customer. In any case, if the present system of tendering and contracting is so odiously unfair, why do so few builders wish to try out new systems?

As to the second complaint, I do not see that any man can fail to understand that, at a time of full employment, many contractors experience serious labour shortages; and most architects are themselves too closely affected by the credit squeeze to imagine that other people, even builders, do not suffer similarly. CLAUS SELIGMANN

The Cottage, Selhurst Farm,
Grafham,
Surrey.

THE SYRIAN INCIDENT

SIR,—I am very sorry to read in your report from Israel (December 31, 1955) a remark which may cause a wrong picture of the present mood in Israel. That you did not "meet anyone in Israel who condemned this attack" on the Syrian positions close to the Sea of Galilee "where the Israelis recently killed 50 Syrians and lost six of their own men" does not correspond anyway with the fact that there is a considerable number of men in this country who quite disagree with such an attack. Outside and even inside the official circles there is a wide resistance against such methods, and if somebody "was perturbed by the extent" of the attack it means only that he failed to consider all the concerning questions previously in a proper and conscientious way. Many of our friends are convinced that there is no urgent need to fish close to the shore for the time being or to patrol this small strip of the sea by armed police boats. I hope that you will agree that this provocative action will neither solve the security question nor restore the armistice conditions defining the sea as Israeli territory. A gentlemen's agreement as proposed by General Burns would have met this much better and successfully.

If you had taken the opportunity to examine the opinion of the man in the street, to read the harsh articles in the press, or to follow up in the newspapers the brisk discussion in the parliament, and last but not least to weigh the serious and unbalanced social background on both sides of the barbed wire, you would not only have met many sufferers who condemn every attack which may delay and perhaps prevent a peaceful solution of our burning problems, but eventually you would have stated the same view yourself. W. NATHAN

162 Herzl Street,
Rehovot, Israel.

[My personal view is that of Mr. Nathan. My point was that the people I met seemed not to censure the attack itself, but only to regret its timing and the large loss of life it involved.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SAMUEL BECKETT

SIR,—In view of the great interest aroused by the recent translations of two works by Samuel Beckett, and because of the interpretation of *Molloy* given by your critic, and by other critics on the same lines as his, will you allow me to suggest another one?

The book is made up, surely, not of two narratives but of two parts of one narrative, the second half of the book being the beginning and the first half being the end of the story.

By means of this curious construction an allegory unfolds but not one I would say "of the ego and the id." The clue seems to lie in the description of two men, A and C, seen for a few moments in the distance in the first pages of Part I: "So I saw A and C going slowly towards each other, unconscious of what they were doing." C and A, Molloy and Maran, are the same person. Maran, the detective, in Part II, the coarse, hide-bound, "moronic" man (does he stand for average Mankind?) is sent in search of Molloy, his true self or underlying essence, and he is told to write his report on him. The report, or final relation, is the fantastic but penetrating account of Molloy in Part I. In the vision of A and C there are indications of what is to come as in the beautiful sentence where C is looking to see the lie of the land: "but now he knows these hills, that is to say he knows them better, and if ever again he sees them from afar it will be I think with other eyes, and not only that but the within, all that inner space one never sees, the brain and heart and other caverns where thought and feeling dance their sabbath, all that too quite differently disposed"; and there are other indications throughout the story. I am not competent (nor, were I, is there space) to describe the innumerable revealing and moving variations of phrase and melody through which the underlying theme comes to be expressed—the theme of Man's plight.

The variations consist of imaginative ideas ranging from the most delicate to the most savage.

It is by the control and use of these variations within the whole masterly structure that Samuel Beckett proves himself to be, to my mind, an artist of unique quality and power.

MARY HUTCHINSON

HONOURS EASY

SIR,—Mr. John Raymond's memory has let him down badly on A. E. Housman and the O.M. As reported by Laurence Housman in *A.E.H.*, p. 112, "he had condoled with Robert Bridges for having to receive the honour at the same time as John Galsworthy," and it was because of Galsworthy that he himself refused. J. C. MAXWELL

King's College,
Newcastle upon Tyne, 1.

SIR,—Mr. John Raymond has fallen into an error in saying that J. M. Barrie, before he accepted a baronetcy, "steadily refused the K.B.E."

The baronetcy was bestowed on Barrie in 1913; and the Order of the British Empire was not created until 1917. J. BENTHAM STEVENS

Lewes, Sussex.

BOOKS IN GENERAL *REASSESSMENTS*

Joyce's *Ulysses*

It is not difficult to write about *Ulysses*; the difficulty is to read it and to go on doing so. The stimulus of shock and revolt has gone; what was once sexually obscene has now been assimilated—the really disagreeable things in *Ulysses* were the people's eating and drinking habits—and one can no longer go strenuously rock-climbing over the prose of the opening chapters or cry a heartfelt "Eureka" when Stephen's dead mother holds out a helping hand for the seventh time or Bloom gets the blessedly symbolical potato—Hail Tuber full of Grace!—out of his trouser pocket. We needed a memory as exhaustive as Joyce's to understand him with pleasure; we require now an even better memory of what his devoted and indispensable exegesists and commentators have explained that he meant, as we sink into the bog—so misleadingly called a stream—of Irish consciousness. Joyce is the theologian of the interior morass. The famous ground-plan of the *Odyssey* is now an irrelevance, as the politics of Walpole are to an understanding of *Gulliver*; but whereas *Gulliver* emerges from local politics into universal satire, *Ulysses* diminishes—at any rate for those who, like myself, grew up with it—from comic epic to the curiosity of a learned crossword puzzle and, as such, a major, unrequited European export to the scholar-technicians of the American universities. They find more and more in it, as we find less and less, having stopped at that point where one of them, the excellent Mr. Harry Levin, put his finger on the crucial difficulty: that Joyce, estranged from society, came to "equate language with experience." Sterne was as mad as Joyce and had picked up as many high-sounding notions from Locke as Joyce did from Vico, but he was not mad enough to do that. He can still be read outside the graduate schools.

Jung objected that underneath Joyce's work there was a "metaphysical void"; it is known that he thought life meaningless. This belief is no fatal disadvantage to a comic writer, and under the powerful influences of his time, Joyce found his comic material in the irremediable and incommunicable chaos of the private mind. As Flaubert devastated Madame Bovary with his intellect, Joyce crushed the Blooms by reducing their amiable quotidian consciousness to verbal antics. The city they live in is a Dublin that has been turned into a verbal circus; and, in any case, it is that—a place of wits and grammarians. As for meaning, Joyce attempts to replace it by "pattern," and, in doing so, he was prophetic of modern habit: unguided by moral conviction, impelled by scientific bent, we use the notion of "pattern" to cover our lack of sense of moral direction. But in spite of Vico, the *Odyssey* and the later mythological symbols and archetypes in his work, Joyce's patterns remain verbal. God becomes word, life becomes a fantastic department of rhetoric and we need not go outside its inebriations in order to live. Living? Our words will do it for us.

Joyce was a mimic. If this reduces his rank as a novelist, there are an integrity and purity in his preoccupation which were lacking in those who have been influenced by him. In sheer device he is richly inventive. Though he did not bend the monologue to a plot (for that would have indicated that he had conviction) he did everything else with it. Ninety-five examples, from the egregious hyperbaton to the engaging onomatopœia, were noted by Stuart Gilbert. The world of pure language offered parody and self-parody—in which Joyce is as clever as a monkey—and, in the nighttown scene, the sea of consciousness froze into splendid cruising icebergs of dramatic fantasy. Where his many imitators tediously and liberally recorded the ticker-tape of the ordinary mind on its ordinary business, Joyce edited, and made a malicious *sottisier* of the lower middle class whom he hated. And he had the imagination to turn his squalid people into giants first. No one can say that the characters of *Ulysses* are trivial in dimension, even though their preoccupations are mean, food-stained, dreary and unelevating. His people are Celtic monsters, encumbered by the squalor of their enormous burden of fleshly life—enormous because it is so detailed—and the dreadful, slow, image-spawning of their literal minds.

He is the novelist of habit. Obsessed by words, he magnifies his creatures so that there are more and more words for the little that can be said of them; but his eye that looks through the magnifying glass is a comic eye. If only that were true of Faulkner, the early dos Passos and all who were influenced by him and who merely succeeded in replacing the *longueurs* of landscape painting in the English novel by the garrulities of the ill-informed and mentally defective! When we said in the late Twenties that *Ulysses* had put an end to the traditional novel of the 19th century, we did not realise that it had given novelists a new means of padding that novel out once more. One can see that, in Joyce's imitators, the interior monologue was a blow for democracy, a rather dreary one; the fact that we all have a garrulous unconscious that is occupied with absurd free associations, wipes out differences of character and status, for Jack's drooling is as good as his master's. Joyce, unlike his imitators, is using the solitude in which his characters live, for its own sake. His interests are those of the artist, not of the scientist or anthropologist; when Bloom hears he has Oriental blood and his inner voice starts talking Chinese, this is not for the honour of psychiatry but in the interests of art, rhapsody and laughter.

We also used to say that *Ulysses* was the novel to end all novels. Once you had put the whole of a man's mind down for 24 hours, you had gone to the novelist's limit, for you had used up your character's past as well as his present, not to mention the system of reflexes which, in Joyce's time, was the word for his soul. In one sense, the opinion was correct: *Ulysses* is amorphous. It could be a beginning or an end. We are either picking out fragments from a ruin; or seeing hints of something about to be born. After every reading, my impression that Joyce was making something new and that this new thing was not a novel, has grown stronger. The clue lies in what is most tiresome in his book, the vice which affected so much of the literature of his time: the excess, the coagulation of adjectives and images. Two things are noticeable: first, that as Joyce's own reading of them from *Finnegans Wake* showed us, they come alive when they are spoken, just as Dublin wakes up from its stagnation when it talks. Secondly that, when we hear them spoken, their congestion vanishes and we are excited not by the image itself but by its free, swift power of transition to the next one. *Ulysses* is to be spoken, not read. It is the first and richly seminal technical compendium of the elements of a popular oral culture. It is unreadable because it is not meant to be read and it looks forward to the culture we seem to be moving into: one in which the printed word is esoteric and dying and in which the spoken word alone carries the tale. The puns, the studied inversions, the made-up gnomic phrases, the onomatopœia, the side-slips into parody, the soliloquies, the pedantic questions and answers, and the learned fooling with geometrical and philosophical notions, are meant for the voice. The blasphemies and obscenities, also, for we are naturally more blasphemous and obscene in speech than when we write; speech comes closest to the daily saturnalia that goes on inside us. It is not modern industrial civilisation that has impoverished language, but the educated tradition in writing.

To this argument we can object that Joyce is a freak regional writer and, like the Americans, was merely lucky in his vernacular. I have said that he was a mimic—not only a writer's writer, but a mimic's mimic—and living, in hate and vanity, in the most empty and despairing of all worlds: the world in which, in Mr. Levin's phrase, words are equated with experience. Here the critic can do no more than leave the Irish to sorrow over the price they pay for their genius. Fortunately Joyce's own was technical as well as parochial. He did not stop at speech; he went on to speaking out, to declamation and to theatre. If we are moving into an oral culture, it will be tolerable only when it stops drooling and becomes dramatic. From this point of view, the blowsy and sordid meanderings of Molly Bloom are about on the general level of rumination to be found in Smollett's servants; and the ordinary tape-recording of Bloom's daylight wanderings round Dublin has been done better by many a naturalistic writer since. We must look elsewhere for what *Ulysses* has to offer us: the question and answer sequence, not always interesting, but sometimes superbly theatrical and, above all, in the nighttown scenes, where Joyce's powers suddenly enlarge their range and come to their height. Mr. Stuart Gilbert's ninety-five varieties of rhetoric arise from the sick-bed of grammar and now play the Dublin grammarian off the stage and right out of the novel to end all novels. When we look at *Ulysses* in this way, we see how much of the book is theatre. (It is the never satisfactory and pretentious figure of Stephen Dedalus who, I am sure, has persuaded some critical Pecksniffs to straighten their ties, gaze at the ceiling and call the book a symphonic poem.) A good deal, of course, is

nothing but music hall stuff, the well-known joke of low habits and what used to be called the "too real". One powerful and classical theatrical element is the primitive delight in the comedy of disguise, masks, quick change and false personalities. In the nighttown scene, the disguises are, of course, the thoughts and fantasies of the people themselves. A mere word and Bloom can be in moccasins, in female dress, a boy in Svengali's fur overcoat. The surrealistic effects are also primitive theatre. The gas jet, the door handle, the button, the sins of the past, and the nymphs of Poulaphouca, move, utter, act and fade. Matthew Arnold appears at the brothel window, and the two figures of farce, Philip Drunk and Philip Sober, go "clever, clever, clever" with their lawn mower over the Oxford lawns. The final theatrical device is in the slow motion of the question and answer sequence, first in the triviality of the question and the grotesque detail of the reply, and then in the minutely particularised "business". The scene where Bloom gets into his own house and makes his way to his bedroom, is entirely theatrical in conception and in the silence it creates in the mind of the reader. One has but to read it aloud to see this. There are similar scenes in *Tristram Shandy*—another exhibitionist work—in which position and measurement become farcical, but Sterne is *in* his novel, the compère and commentator. Joyce, estranged from everything, is in the æsthete's fashion, estranged from his own work and is outside it. Stephen is his stand-in, the æsthete who gives *Ulysses* its only really intolerable quality: the poetic prose and the incitement to the sacerdotal. All we can say for him now is that, since comic works must have a serious centre, Stephen is necessary; or, at any rate, given Joyce's inhumanity, that he is inevitable. Here, Stephen is not himself; he belongs to the *Portrait*. It is because of him that we have to have his ghastly mother moaning at us, in the interests of that poetic pattern which means so much to research, so little to the reader and so little to those who wonder how much of *Ulysses* is curiosity and how much is still germinal.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Beggarman

Grincing on a yellow fiddle
In a town where gulls
And grime mix in the air's
Familiar chime

For priest and bookie, Dooley's Bar,
Swans and sticks and dead old
Buckets on the Liffey
Mud, — he knows

How people turn their head, and walk past
Quicker, flush in the cold,
As if their breath or blood
Had a catarrh

So vehement, it made them choke
To brush against the Four Last
Things of death, judgment,
Heaven and hell.

For who of us can tell what pride
Or freedom may yet croak
For pennies on the windy,
Wet kerbside?

SHEILA WINGFIELD

The Face of Henry James

Selected Letters of Henry James. Edited by LEON EDEL. *Hart-Davis.* 16*s.*

The face of Henry James was fixed, for a generation, by Percy Lubbock's edition of his Letters—the two volumes were published in 1920—and perhaps more particularly by Mr. Lubbock's penetrating introduction. There, the author of *The Craft of Fiction* entered, with deepest sympathy and insight, into the mind of the writer who had given to the novel all the high passion and confidence of the artist entirely sure of his vocation. He quoted the wonderful passage, from a fragment found after James's death, where the novelist talks to himself about the idea that was to become *The Ivory Tower*:

> *Causons, causons, mon bon*—oh celestial, soothing, sanctifying process, with all the high sane forces of the sacred time fighting, through it, on my side!

The face, then, was of the high dedicated artist; and all the other elements one noticed in the Letters—the gaiety, the gossip, the enthusiastic affection—seemed to be quite subordinated to the central theme. The letters to Elizabeth Robins (published in 1932) showed the high seriousness playing on the drama—especially on a fellow-artist, Ibsen; those to Stevenson (1948) spoke of a fierce regard for the credit of literature, and an endless interest in its making. Matthiessen's edition of the *Notebooks* (1947) tremendously confirmed the first impression, by revealing the continuous and exhilarating struggle of the artist to find, in life, the rough forms that could, through his skill and passion, be given the new vitality of a work of art. Rounding off what might be called the first phase of James appreciation, Simon Nowell-Smith's enchanting *Legend of the Master* (1947) balanced the dedicated artist by the ponderous and delightful being who carried his style into his telegrams, and whose conversation wound its way to the point about as directly as the path to the centre of the Hampton Court Maze.

The second phase of our regard may be said to have started with Leon Edel's *Henry James: the Untried Years* (1953)—the first volume of a full-scale biography. At once the point of view shifted, for it gave us James in the making, not the finished Old Master. And now, while we wait for the next volume of Mr. Edel's biography, he has given us a selection of letters that outlines a portrait different in many ways from the one we saw in Lubbock. The dedicated artist is taken for granted; but by drawing on a far wider range of letters than Mr. Lubbock could, and by grouping the letters to emphasise James's different "lines" as a correspondent—descriptive, affectionate, professional, social—Mr. Edel has given us a picture of a far more lively, ironical and businesslike James than the serpentine-sentenced old boy of the second Lubbock volume. It is partly a question of date: quite nine-tenths of the Lubbock letters were written after 1880, when James was firmly established in London; Mr. Edel has a far higher proportion from earlier years. Dictation to a typewriter—resulting in the "mechanic form and vulgar legibility" James used to apologise for—encouraged prolixity in his later years; there is little of it before 1900.

Here and there Mr. Edel neatly fills out Lubbock. He gives us letters, written on the deaths of James's mother, and of his cousin Minny Temple, which, taken with the letter in Lubbock on his father's death, give us a beautiful insight into that affectionately knit family. Again, while both print the letter James wrote to be read at a dinner to W. D. Howells in New York—a fine flowery piece of late James ("Stroke by stroke and book by book your work was to become, for this exquisite notation of our whole democratic light and shade and give and take, in the highest degree *documentary* . . ."), only Mr. Edel has the letter written soon after to James's old Newport crony Perry, from which we gather the dinner was a perfectly dreadful orgy of fulsome compliment at which James's piece had *not* been read.

Many of the letters are published for the first time; are there any revelations? Really none, in the accepted sense of the word; the discovery that three dots at the beginning of a letter in Lubbock stood for "Beloved little Hugh" hardly rates as a 'revelation'; much more startling to me is the spectacle of James cheerfully agreeing to contribute a chapter to a composite romance (*The Whole Family*) to be published in *Harper's Bazar*—and this not in his needy youth, but in 1907, after *The Ambassadors*, *The Wings of the Dove* and *The Golden Bowl*! And there are any number of fascinating facts—the record of meetings with Ruskin, with Flaubert "to whom I have taken a great fancy," with "poor unpleasant little Ouida"; the news that his favourite fairy-tale was Hop-o'-my-Thumb ("my earliest and sweetest and most repeated cupful at the fount of fiction"). But in the indirect revelation—the tone, the turn of words, that reveal the writer's nature—Mr. Edel's selection is particularly rich.

The most interesting new lines that appear in the portrait are those indicating the practical, business-man side of James, which directly served his writer's vocation. Mr. Edel has exploded the notion that James had an assured, if not substantial, private income (when he finally inherited some money from his father he made over the income to his invalid sister); and has shown James as, from the start, determined not only to write but to pay his way by writing. His notes about money have a briskness that comes from a well-ordered financial life and a well-planned financial strategy—whether he is writing to his mother to settle with Smith the tailor ("7$ for that summer coat: not 7.50, as his bill said") or, with perfect good humour, telling Frederick Macmillan that he can *not* have *The Tragic Muse* for £70, or George Alexander that the terms offered for *Guy Domville* "*don't* strike me as all I could desire." In this more worldly light the great theatrical venture is seen as a well-planned move to give his larger conceptions a more profitable life as plays than they could hope to have, in the state of the market, as novels; and the wound from the dreadful London reception of *Guy Domville* was not only to his pride as an artist, but to his nicely calculated financial hopes.

His art was backed by an admirable professional toughness that comes out in the many references to critics and reviewers. He could disagree without ever appearing sore; he was bracing as well as sympathetic with Gosse about the Churton Collins attack ("Take my advice, and your nerves will bloom again like roses in June"). A letter to Hugh Walpole is an inspiration for that difficult word of appreciation one has to write to an author who is also a friend. However fond, however courteous, James could never *not* criticise if the occasion called for it; friendship, he implied, must be tough enough to take it:

> The whole thing is a monument to the abuse of voluminous dialogue, the absence of a plan of composition, alternation, distribution, structure, and other phases of presentation than the dialogue—so that *line* (the only thing *I* value in a fiction etc.) is replaced by a vast formless featherbediness—billows in which one sinks and is lost. And yet it's all so loveable—though not so *written*. It isn't written *at all*, darling Hugh. . . .

James had, though, a very clear notion at what point literary issues became a public concern. Mr. Edel prints a splendid letter supporting the American Copyright League in 1887; while one to Galsworthy in 1909 which the latter read into his evidence before a Parliamentary Committee on theatrical censorship is still lamentably apposite. The Censor's "arbitrary rights,"

> may well be, or rather *must* be, deterrent to men of any intellectual independence and self-respect. I think this circumstance represents accordingly an impoverishment of our theatre; and it tends to deprive it of intellectual life, of the *importance* to which a free choice of subjects and illustration directly ministers, and to confine it to the trivial and the puerile.

If any reader feels that all this business-like activity has blurred the picture of the noble old artist, let him turn up the letter to Shaw of 1909.

Shaw had, on behalf of the Stage Society, made one criticism of a dramatised version of *Owen Wingrave* that moved James to a transport of friendly disagreement:

> And if you waylay me here, as I infer you would be disposed to, on the ground that we "don't want works of art," ah then, my dear Bernard Shaw, I think I take such issue with you that—if we didn't both *like* to talk—there would be scarce use in our talking at all. I think, frankly, even, that we scarce want anything else at all. They are capable of saying more things to man about himself than any other "works" whatever are capable of doing—and it's only by thus saying as much to him as possible, by saying, as nearly as we can, all there is, and in as many ways and on as many sides, and with a vividness of presentation that "art," and art alone, is an adequate mistress of, that we enable him to pick and choose and compare and know, enable him to arrive at any sort of synthesis that isn't, through all its superficialities and vacancies, a base and illusive humbug.

Every page of this great rich plum-pudding is hugely quotable. The last extract I give makes no particular point except to demonstrate James's constant and delighted observation of life; and I quote it for pleasure and for patriotism, because the letter (to his sister) was written in Scotland—"a most beautiful and admirable little country—fit, for 'distinction' &c.—to make up a trio with Italy and Greece"—and because I too have danced reels on Deeside till daybreak. James was staying at Tillypronie in Aberdeenshire, in 1878, and was taken to a ball at Glen Tanar.

> At the ball was the famous beauty Mrs. Langtry, who was staying in the house and who is probably for the moment the most celebrated woman in England. She is in sooth divinely handsome and it was "extremely odd" to see her dancing a Highland reel (which she had been practising for three days) with young Lord Huntly, who is a very handsome fellow and who in his kilt and tartan, leaping, hooting and romping, opposite to this London divinity, offered a vivid reminder of ancient Caledonian barbarism and of the roughness which lurks in all British amusements and only wants a pretext to explode.

James, alas, did not leap or hoot, nor even waltz with the Jersey Lily. He very properly stuck to his house-party, and "took out two young ladies who had gone with us for a polka apiece."

JANET ADAM SMITH

The Archbishop's Legacy

Charles I and the Puritan Upheaval. By ALLEN FRENCH. *Allen & Unwin.* 30*s.*

Scotland Under Charles I. By DAVID MATHEW. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 30*s.*

The Restoration of Charles II. By GODFREY DAVIES. *Oxford.* 55*s.*

What great movements were launched throughout the English-speaking world by the impolitic obstinacy of Archbishop Laud! Thanks to him, the established episcopacy of Scotland was swept away, for good; the coast of New England was settled by English puritans, for good; and in England he was himself incidentally destroyed by the revolution which he had precipitated—a revolution which ultimately failed. All these three movements are illustrated in the three books now reviewed.

The late Allen French was an American historian, and in his book (which his widow has completed and presented) he has sought to explain to his compatriots the English background of "the Great Migration" to New England between 1629 and 1642. His method is to rely on contemporary source material and, to a very large extent, to ignore the work of other modern scholars. This method has its disadvantages. There is a certain complacency in assuming that one can dispense altogether with the help of other minds, and it often leads to statements which now seem naive, if not inaccurate. On the other hand, it also gives a certain freshness of style. Mr. French's 300 pages on the England of Charles I, though scholarly in method, may seem to make little advance on Gardiner. His summary definition of a Puritan as a man "so dedicated to his religious or moral principles that to their practice he will subordinate everything else" may seem insufficient. His wholesale condemnation of the Anglicans (not even merely the Laudians) as "niggling" controversialists in "narrow dependence on the brittle framework of ceremonies" may seem absurdly unjust. And it may seem that this long recapitulation of English constitutional and ecclesiastical history does not really explain the migration of some 65,000 men, only a third of whom went to Puritan New England and 90 per cent. of whom, being peasants, craftsmen and "the baser sort," can have had little interest in such niceties. Still, Mr. French has a lucid narrative style, and the last hundred pages of his book—the account of the actual migration and the organisation, leadership and difficulties of the settlement—provide an excellent summary and a vivid picture of one of the great movements in the *Völkerwänderung* of the European nations.

The Puritan settlement of New England has attracted many good scholars, English and American. How different is the social history of Puritan Scotland! For practical purposes it is a blank. While modern Welsh scholars have actively furthered the study of their own country's past character, Scots history—at least of this period—remains fossilised in the disused terms of nineteenth-century textbooks. What do they do in all these Scottish universities? And yet the subject is not dull; it has a wealth of records; and it is full of fascinating problems. Why did Calvinism find such acceptance among the Scottish lairds, and so penetrate that tribal system, that the armies of an impoverished peninsula were able, again and again, to invade England? Scottish Calvinism showed its strength not only by defeating Charles I, but by surviving its own crushing defeat at the hands of Cromwell. Articulated by intolerant dominies, patronised by unscrupulous barbarian lords who yet had a veneer of cosmopolitanism, it provided the one lasting cement in that factious society—a society less akin to Caroline England than to Barbary or Arabia, with their great caïds and pashas, their tribal complexity, and their puritan *marabouts*. Such a subject cries out for a social historian; but alas, Scotland, which has provided England with Hume and Adam Smith, Macaulay and Carlyle, has never produced its own Ibn Khaldoun.

Meanwhile, Archbishop Mathew has boldly penetrated that strange world. His book seems to me the best he has written. How lightly he carries his rich, abstruse learning! How nimbly he finds his way among the genealogies, the treacheries, the polysyllabical habitations of that furious people! Darting to and fro, he illuminates many grim corners—Atholl, where sin, it seems, was very loose; Stirling, where Satan was credited with a particularly high throne; Dalkeith, well known as "a veritable nest of warlocks and witches"; and many an eccentric aristocratic library or quaint recess of ancient superstition. On the other hand, if he illuminates, I do not feel that he explains. His work lacks system: it is vivid, impressionist, diffuse: a miscellany of luminous patches, like a twilit bog. He can light up noblemen's castles and Roman Catholic nooks and crannies: he says little of Edinburgh or Glasgow or the royal burghs, little of economic life; and the social force of Presbyterianism is not fully explained by the turbid autobiographies of its introspective devotees. However, if Archbishop Mathew does not fill this great historical void, he sends shafts of light into many interesting corners. His book is infinitely suggestive. Perhaps it will suggest something even in the torpid seminaries of the North.

The revolution which Laud provoked in Scotland was lasting. The revolution which he provoked in England failed. After the work of destruction was over, it degenerated into a series of experiments, which depended ultimately on the life of one man. In 1658 that one man, Oliver Cromwell, died, and two years of anarchy followed before the old order was restored. Mr. Godfrey Davies has written of this period of

Inglis Fletcher

THE SCOTSWOMAN

A long and exciting historical novel telling the stirring adventures of Flora Macdonald subsequent to her part in the Young Pretender's escape. The author, who journeyed to Scotland for her material, encompasses in one broad outline Flora's life in Skye, the hazards of the sea voyage and the perils of North Carolina in the eighteenth century. 480 pages. 16s.

Philip Gibbs

THE AMBASSADOR'S WIFE

"The most scholarly of our times." *Sheffield Telegraph.* This is a novel of modern times and of the secret lives of high-ranking members of Britain's diplomatic corps. In particular it is the story of Sir Gerald Lovegrove, British Ambassador to Moscow, and the mystery surrounding his second wife. Ready January 23. 12s. 6d.

Norah Hoult

FATHER HONE AND THE TELEVISION SET

The purchase of a communal television set by the parish priest throws the village of Kilcash into trouble. This heart-warming comedy is a splendid departure from her usual dramatic vein. 12s. 6d.

COMING!

Russell Braddon

OUT OF THE STORM

This remarkably moving novel by the author of *Those in Peril* and *The Naked Island* is set in Austria at the time of the Russian advance, and later in Australia where the heroine, Maria Micholoch, journeys to find a new home and is confronted with new personal problems. Jan. 30. 12s. 6d.

Philip Lindsay

THEY HAVE THEIR DREAMS

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STAPLES

anarchy. His book completes, after half a century, the great work of Gardiner. Gardiner died when he had carried his history down to 1656. His pupil Firth continued it to Cromwell's death in 1658. Mr. Davies, a disciple of Firth, has wound up the undertaking with this long-delayed epilogue. It is a useful and necessary book, written on the same scale as its predecessors, and with the same high standard of accuracy in the handling of evidence. The gap which it fills is notable—there has been no serviceable general book on those two anarchic years since Masson's ill-named *Life of Milton* which was begun over a century ago. On the other hand, if Mr. Davies has some of his predecessors' virtues, he also has some of their limitations. Like Gardiner, he lacks a sense of style and character. Monck, Hesilrige, Lambert, Fleetwood, Owen, Harrington, Milton—these actors and thinkers in that convulsive drama appear and reappear as impersonal names in his conscientious chronicle of revolution and counter-revolution. Nor does he ever offer a profound observation. There is no analysis, no speculation, no judgment. After twenty-one volumes, the work of over seventy years, the greatest history of England's greatest revolution is quietly ended with the last of the long series of judiciously reconstructed facts. Is there nothing between Carlyle and Dryasdust? May historians never recapture the excitement and passion, the idealism, the disgust and the comedy of the past? Is there no accuracy but the accuracy of committee-minutes? But perhaps one can only recapture the spirit of the past direct from its contemporaries. Mr. Davies quotes Pepys's description of the reception in London of Monck's declaration for a free parliament.

> But the common joy that was everywhere to be seen! The number of bonfires, there being fourteen between St. Dunstan's and Temple Bar, and at Strand Bridge I could at one view tell thirty-one fires. In King-street seven or eight; and all along burning and roasting and drinking for rumps. . . . Indeed, it was past imagination, both the greatness and the suddenness of it.

But Mr. Davies prefers emotion recollected in tranquillity—great tranquillity.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

An Overdose of Sangfroid

American Constitutional Law. By BERNARD SCHWARTZ. *Cambridge.* 25*s.*

This is a work of thoroughness and distinction which will be of the greatest interest not only to the lawyer, historian and student, but to the intelligent general reader. Dr. Schwartz has divided his book into two parts and with the first part alone would I pick any quarrel and that on the score of length and not quality. One hundred and fifty pages is too little to deal with the American constitutional and political system, the respective roles of President, Congress and Courts, and the brevity of treatment the author has elected or been compelled to adopt, leads to irritating allusiveness and an assumption of knowledge of the byways of American politics which is confined to the specialist. I can only hope that in future editions Dr. Schwartz may find the means of either greatly expanding the first part or producing the work in two volumes.

The second part, entitled "Modern Developments," to which many readers will turn first, contains a series of admirable chapters on such topics as the "New" Federalism, the changed role of the Supreme Court (from judicial supremacy to judicial restraint), the Negro and the Law, recent Civil Liberties disputes, the United States vis-à-vis the United Nations, with a good deal of sense and clarity about the Bricker Amendment, and the best short account I have seen of President Truman's Steel Seizure. Last, but by no means least, a model analysis of American administrative law which almost converts me to the author's passion for the comparative method.

America is a jelly which has not yet set. This fact gives its constitutional and political developments an unequalled fascination and an unrivalled opportunity for a great deal of nonsense to be talked and written about them. Dr. Schwartz is a cool, learned and impartial commentator on the present state of affairs. He is not yet, however, a judge; he is also an American from whom an overdose of sangfroid is scarcely to be expected and I cannot help wishing he had taken the opportunity of kicking the living daylight out of some of the current scandalous abuses of civil liberty in the United States.

W. H. HUGHES

Baldwin Revisited

My Father: the True Story. By A.W. BALDWIN. *Allen & Unwin.* 25*s.*

In *The Gathering Storm* Sir Winston represents Lord Baldwin as at once slothful and ambitious and contriving to reconcile the two by a dangerously disingenuous conduct of public affairs. G. M. Young's authorised biography presents him as a very agreeable man, personally liked by opponents as well as colleagues, shrewd but indolent, incapable, through lack of application, of grasping the terrible issues of the Thirties, and quite aware, after his "appalling frankness" speech that he had committed an irrecoverable political blunder through his habit of thinking out loud. These judgments have stung Lord Baldwin's younger son into writing a full-length eulogy of his father.

Apart from reading Hansard in the Thirties Mr. Baldwin seems not to have attempted any fresh research. In praising his father, as he is entitled to do, for his personal friendliness to his employees, he does not discuss whether this amiable paternalism has any real relevance to big business in the 20th century. It is quite true that very few business-men were as conscientious as Stanley Baldwin. One likes him for anonymously donating a bundle of 250 pound notes to a needy institution which he thought worthy of support, and if we say that 10s. a week out-of-work money was not much to pay his employees, we might add that in days before unemployment insurance existed, such payment was a rare gesture that more employers might well have imitated. His famous gift of £120,000 to the nation after the first world war cannot be brushed aside on the grounds that he was a rich man who could afford it; the point is that very few rich men followed suit. All this and much else, including a passion for second-class English literature and a love of the countryside, can be quoted in Stanley Baldwin's favour. But as an answer to the main indictment that as head of the Tory Party he did not grapple either with the great economic or international issues of our day, it really will not do. One is reminded of the famous passage in Macaulay's essay on Milton where he argues that those who accuse Charles I of failing in his duty as a king are not answered by being told that he took his little son on his knee and kissed him.

On the main issue of foreign and armament policy in the Thirties, Mr. Baldwin does, I think, show that Stanley Baldwin was no more muddled and rather less blind than most of his contemporaries. He did not understand Fascism or Hitler; nor did any of his colleagues. He made the expected remarks about the League of Nations and collective security, and he decided, like most of his colleagues, that, when it came to the pinch, that horse would not run, though for appearance's sake one ought to keep a little money on it. He was impressed by the public desire for peace and he was knocked off his stride by the Fulham election. He had, as both Mr. Young and Mr. Baldwin point out, a good technical reply that he could have made about the date to start rearming. He himself sympathised deeply with the pacifist sentiment. He was quite right in saying "the bomber will always get through," and in trying to avoid a rearmament race. In short he was an

honestly perplexed and baffled man. Sir Winston Churchill rightly called him "a pale reflection of everyone's perplexities."

Mr. Baldwin was unfortunate not to leave it at that. He makes it his pious task to build up his father into heroic and unconvincing stature. Where he is strong is in showing by quotation that Sir Winston Churchill himself shared many of Lord Baldwin's inconsistencies and hesitations, and that the Labour Party—and he might have added, if he had been interested, the Communist Party—were also emotionally and intellectually unable to deal with a situation in which moral pacifism, terror of war, doubts and hopes about collective security, and ideological conflict were all inexplicably mingled.

Mr. Baldwin ends his book with an epilogue in which he deals severely with Mr. G. M. Young. Since Mr. Young is a historian and a Fellow of All Souls, he may feel the need to reply. He is accused, with detailed quotation, of having built up a picture of Stanley Baldwin's indolent habits and lackadaisical attitude to public affairs on the basis of gossip. When he says, for instance, that Lord Baldwin was so uninterested in foreign affairs that he "would" go to sleep at a Cabinet meeting, telling a colleague to wake him up when the subject was finished, are we, asks Mr. Baldwin with some force, to take this seriously? If the incident happened at all, was not Stanley Baldwin perhaps jocularly defending himself on some particular occasion against a long-winded bore? Is Mr. G. M. Young, he asks, justified in this—and in many other—cases in basing a sweeping criticism on a collection of such anecdotes?

KINGSLEY MARTIN

The Wealth of Poor Nations

The Theory of Economic Growth. By W. ARTHUR LEWIS. *Allen & Unwin.* 30*s.*

The title of this review recalls that of Adam Smith's great work—intentionally. Professor Arthur Lewis writes in the true tradition of classical political economy. His is the skilful blend of theory and policy, of induction and deduction, of argument and illustration that characterises the classical school at its best. His purpose is, as he says, "not to present original ideas on (the) subject, but to try to provide an appropriate framework for studying economic development." This he has done admirably. Under six main headings he has summarised all the more important circumstances that influence the economic development of countries. These six heads are: people's attitude towards economic goods and towards work; economic institutions (including the process of institutional change); the growth and application of knowledge; capital; population (its growth and its relation to natural resources); and government. Under these heads the author organises a vast mass of facts, relations and practical proposals. For the purpose of this book he assumes that economic progress is desirable, and confines himself to discussing the various means of achieving it. He relegates to an appendix the discussion of whether it is desirable. Here the case for increasing material welfare is put lucidly, moderately and persuasively.

The author's interest is primarily with the poor and undeveloped countries and with the ways in which they can advance in material prosperity. But after all, Great Britain is poor relatively to New Zealand or the U.S.A.; the U.S.A. is in some ways undeveloped; hence much of what Professor Lewis has to say is applicable to all countries, whatever their wealth or stage of development. He stresses the resemblances rather than the differences between the countries that are at present backward and their more developed neighbours, and frequently draws his examples from England in the middle ages or from the U.S.A. in the early nineteenth century. To all theories of inherent racial inferiority he maintains an attitude of unrancorous scepticism.

Some points emphasised by Professor Lewis are: the importance of technical improvements in agriculture (especially of such as do not require large investments of capital; the necessity of a high rate of capital-accumulation (he suggests 12 per cent. of the national income a year) if a nation is to jump from the stagnant into the progressive state; the importance of spreading capital widely in a large number of small schemes rather than in a few grandiose projects; the necessity of high taxation (and the political difficulties of this); the importance of the development of a middle class; the uselessness (from the point of view of economic development) of landed proprietors, and the consequent vulnerability of their rent rolls to high taxation; and the importance of foreign trade. The author thinks that mild inflation, especially if intermittent, can be a powerful engine of economic advance; he also thinks that it is possible to keep it mild. In several contexts he holds up nineteenth-century Japan as a notable example of how a nation may, by its own efforts, rise in the economic scale.

Other salient features of the book are the discussion of the economic effects of religion, of social class, and of beliefs and values centred in the family. The author pays particular attention to the status of women in backward societies and the benefits that economic growth can bring to women. He stresses the necessity for birth control.

Throughout the book, Professor Lewis writes in a clear unadorned style, agreeably free from jargon (except for the word "logistic": will all his readers be familiar with this serpentine curve that is often useful in graphing the course of economic development?). Often he strikes off gnomic phrases that are almost worthy of Adam Smith. Altogether, this book is a contribution of permanent value to the science and art of political economy.

H. D. DICKINSON

The New Tone

The Less Deceived. By PHILIP LARKIN. *Marvell Press.* 6*s.*

A Way of Looking. By ELIZABETH JENNINGS. *Deutsch.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Archaeology of Love. By RICHARD MURPHY. *Dolmen Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

This and That. By GORDON WHARTON. *Fantasy Press.* 3*s.*

It is pleasant to be able to recommend very heartily four new collections of poems by young writers. Miss Jennings, Mr. Murphy and Mr. Wharton are all, I believe, under thirty or only thirty; Mr. Larkin is a little older, but his excellent poems have appeared so far only fugitively in pamphlets. *The Less Deceived* seems to me a very satisfying book, indeed. Over the past few years, one has been increasingly aware of something like a new "common tone" in poetry by young people; there has even been talk of a "new movement." Things that critics have noticed include a return to strict metrical regularity combined with a conversational order of words; a sobriety of tone and a conscious (sometimes too conscious) use of irony; a debt, sometimes too palpable, to Mr. Empson; another debt, also sometimes too palpable, to the late Augustans; a cult of purity of diction, or of "the plain style."

Mr. Larkin seems to me to exemplify everything that is good in this "new movement" and none of its faults—he is not, for instance, tough or knowing, he does not address us out of the corner of his mouth. Here is the beautifully modulated last stanza of one of his best poems, *Church Going*. The theme, very broadly, is the civilising influence of the Christian tradition on the agnostic temperament:

> A serious house on serious earth it is,
> In whose blent air all our compulsions meet,
> Are recognised and robed as destinies.
> And that much never can be obsolete,
> Since someone will forever be surprising

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Book Society Recommendation

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'Miss Murphy goes over her people with a fine-tooth comb and what she finds is now funny, now tragic. This is a fresh and original novel, tart, sardonic and sympathetic.' ASSOCIATED PRESS, N.Y. 13s. 6d.

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JONATHAN CAPE

A hunger in himself to be more serious,
And gravitating with it to this ground,
Which, he once heard, was proper to grow wise in,
If only that so many dead lie round.

Miss Jennings is a poet of narrower range, but of very great purity. I rarely see an individual poem of hers that I do not admire; when I read four or five of her poems together, I am conscious of a sameness. She contrives her best effects, as Mr. Larkin does, by holding a spirited steed on a tight rein, but sometimes a single line gives one a feeling that the animal could easily break into a gallop:

But I am carried back against
My will into a childhood where
Autumn is bonfires, marbles, smoke;
I lean against my window fenced
From evocations in the air.
When I said autumn, autumn broke.

The effect of compressed passion in the line I have italicised comes partly from a pun. When she said "autumn," autumn broke like the news or broke out like a bonfire: the word had created the image, or magically recreated the proper sense of the season. But autumn also broke in her hands like a jug. She was "fenced/From evocations in the air," and she became too vividly aware that word magic was what she was playing at. The rhyme of "fenced" and "against"—quite new in English, but a perfect rhyme, and only waiting to be thought of—and the placing of "against" and "where" so as to create a dramatic pause, are evidences of Miss Jennings's extreme unostentatious technical adroitness.

Mr. Murphy's collection and Mr. Wharton's pamphlet are shorter. Mr. Murphy has more metrical variety than Mr. Larkin or Miss Jennings, a harsher range of colours (Irish and Mediterranean) and a more cryptic allusiveness. There is a fine poem on the last days of Wittgenstein, at Rossroe, in the West of Ireland, where the great and strange philosopher lured the birds to perch on him and left them, after his passing, all too tame:

His wisdom widens: he becomes worlds
Where thoughts are wings. But at Rossroe herds
Of village cats have massacred his birds.

With Mr. Wharton, one is aware of a personal voice still struggling a little with "influences"—the Empsonian villanelle, the fashionable toughness, and so on. One is also aware of a mind and its gaiety:

Hermes, much-travelled friend of man,
Finds it a bore to be a god:
Patron of sly-boots indubitably can
Excuse whatever he finds odd. . . .

He, like the others, should certainly be read. These four collections are a cheerful portent.

G. S. FRASER

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THE ECONOMIST

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EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

New Novels

Johnny Purple. By JOHN WYLLIE. *Secker & Warburg.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Rapids. By BASIL DAVIDSON. *Cape.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Rox Hall Illuminated. By PHYLLIS PAUL. *Heinemann.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

One of those problem-haunted batches this week. Problems, operational and sexual, of bomber crews in Sumatra. Problems of racial and social injustice in equatorial Africa. Problems, spiritual, temporal and biographical, of Catholic mysticisms in London and the Home Counties. They are listed in order of readability, though not, necessarily, of talent; we will begin, then, with Mr. Wyllie.

Johnny Purple is one of those comparatively straightforward war novels with a, seemingly, first-hand background of locale and types, and some, perhaps, rather strained relationships superimposed. I was not altogether convinced by Clarissa Dennison, the operations officer's wife, whose husband has lost his nerve, and the way she sleeps with all the pilots; but I will admit that conditions are rather peculiar, the period being the early part of the war in the Far East when the Japanese had all the impetus. The squadron which Johnny Mason, a modest young yeoman farmer from the Cotswolds with a reliable ego like a squash-ball, is soon called upon to command, is composed of veterans from the Western Desert. Their Sumatra-based operations against Japanese ships with sweeping umbrellas of fighter protection are more or less doomed and they know it; there is a good deal of tension between flyers and administration. The natural unconscious leadership displayed by Johnny has its effect on everybody but particularly Georges Penier, a young Frenchman from Mauritius; he distinguishes himself, after Johnny has been killed, by dive-bombing a Japanese flak-ship. The descriptions of actual operations are very good indeed. On the ground, Mr. Wyllie is not always quite at home with the tough style which he has adopted for his subject; sometimes he over-writes a bit, but he does not vulgarise much, and when he presses it is to reach the truth rather than to get an effect; this is a worthy little *tour de force*.

Problems are so urgent in Africa, now, that it has become almost impossible to write a novel there without its becoming didactic. Mr. Davidson, fully aware of this, has set his characters a regular man-trap of a plot. The protagonist of *The Rapids* is Captain Stanton, an amiable, popular, elderly hotel-keeper in Delmina (which I take to be Tanganyika territory, or not more than a thousand miles away). He is waiting, in a very pleasant state of anticipation, for the arrival from Europe of his daughter, Stella, who has not been in Africa for some years. At first he is delighted with her; she has turned into a beauty; she has charm, and a sturdy independent character; they get on better even than he had hoped. Then Stella goes and falls in love with Fidelis Musombe, an educated African chief. (Mr. Davidson has, I feel, already rather reloaded his racial blunderbuss by giving Stella's mother a secret "touch of the tar-brush," but never mind.) The repercussions are many and various, all of them painful except one: Stanton's loyalty to his daughter. He becomes involved in local African politics and, right at the end after Stella and Musombe have gone to Europe, gets a prison sentence. Mr. Davidson writes so well, so clearly and intelligently, that I am surprised, astonished, even, at his failure to characterise. Everything, the scene, the tropical trappings and the political and social complex, has an expert touch. He is careful not to over-dramatise. All the same, despite the intense interest of their predicament, neither Africans nor Europeans quite come alive, even if they remain compulsory reading for Colonial Office staff and other specially interested parties.

Miss Paul belongs to a special category of women novelists who can be labelled reviewer's bane. Sensitive, talented, uneven, inexpert, their books are difficult to read and difficult to assess. They madden me and send my blood pressure fizzing up, but they cannot be neglected. *Rox Hall Illuminated* deserves to catch the present vogue for obscurantism and become a roaring best-seller. It is all about a latter-day saint Kassie (Katherine Anthony) and her influence after death. For most of her life she was an odd mixture of social butterfly and Lady Bountiful, collecting round her a circle of near Bohemian dead-beats. Then she had a vision, took the veil, and wrote, on her death-bed, an "inspired" book in which she promised to return as the living fire of love. She is dead before the book begins but we hear about her from two of the *protégés*. One is Harry Hart, a boy whom she adopted and carted about. (Was she his mother? Did they have an affair? These are two additional problems which readers will have to solve for themselves.) The other is Helen Shepherd, a girl whom she befriended and had trained as a singer. There have been stories of a ghost at Rox Hall, the Carmelite House which Kassie entered; there is even a movement to get her canonised. To what, if any, extent, Kassie's saintliness was phoney is, for me at any rate, another unsolved problem. The aspect we get of her is heavily clouded by the fierce antagonism between Harry and Helen which culminates, during an odd wild party kind of expedition to Rox Hall, in violence. Miss Paul's inaction is wilfully indirect; she changes focus abruptly and makes elementary mistakes—like giving a detailed description of a character's appearance many pages after he has been introduced; but she undoubtedly has the gift of real imagination. I should like to take her pen away, emtying out the purple ink and give it back to her.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Dirigibles

The Zeppelin Story. By THOR NIELSEN. *Wingate.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

Airships had a wonder all their own, and all who saw and travelled in them were entranced by their gay serenity. *The Zeppelin Story* at least makes this clear. Indeed, I remember watching the *Graf Zeppelin* come round the bluff from Beachy Head. It flew low, its shape and size complementing the landscape. Its pace was so stately that it seemed to hang there most elegantly in the sky, borne along only on the up-valley breezes. The graceful black and silver hull had in that setting a touch of Wellsian fantasy. I determined then to travel only by airship.

Alas, the species, dodo-wise, died. And this book, by dwelling at times with macabre emphasis on the dangers inherent in dirigibles, in part unfolds the answer. The book's intention, but perfunctorily carried out, is to trace Dr. Hugo Eckener's life about its silver thread of airship building. Graf Zeppelin, with Prussian enthusiasm, spent his fortune endeavouring to make his dirigibles war-machines. Dr. Eckener, called in on the economics side, stayed to organise the entire enterprise. Although the Delag Company's five airships carried, between 1910 and 1914, 35,000 passengers without a fatality, it was the

Great War which enabled the super-craft to fly. Before 1914 they were 490ft. long and carried 8½ tons; after 1918, 750ft. long, bearing 51 tons.

After the Graf's death, Eckener became the driving force pressing the feasibility of these gentle monsters as a means of gracious travel. Three thousand dollars was the economic fare to America in 1929. But the point was that people paid. They enjoyed cruising in a leisurely fashion, taking three days to cross the Atlantic. All flights were full, the world encirclement by the *Graf Zeppelin* filled the headlines, and it, together with the *Hindenburg*, flew regular North and South American services. Spacious lounges, separate cabins, a restaurant service, recitals on a Bluthner grand—it was luxurious value for money. But helium was missing, and the terrible *Hindenburg* disaster at Lakehurst, the Zeppelin's first fatal accident, abruptly ended their career. Regrettable, since as smooth, long-distance weight-carriers they were fine craft.

The book does justice neither to airships nor Eckener, but whets the appetite for a really thorough work.

MICHAEL CRAMPTON

Shorter Reviews

Christmas with the Savages. By MARY CLIVE. *Macmillan.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Whether this Edwardian reminiscential melangery can claim the stamp of autobiography is anybody's guess. But its artful evocation of the country-house life at Christmas in the plum plush and cigar haze days of the century's over-ripe birth is faithful to the spirit of truth if not fact. Lady Mary Clive describes these scenes, not from the privileged position of a full-blown guest nor, of course, from that favourite modern commentators' standpoint, the servants' quarters (*pace* Miss Crawford), but through the eyes of a child, a small girl, who unlike the other children swarming about her, is visiting alone.

This child is spoilt, precocious and vain; but she is also extremely perspicacious and very sensitive to the subtle atmosphere pervading the rigidly contained social classes in the house, no classes being more precisely regulated than those of the servants among whom she and the other young children spend most of their leisure. The whole rich milk-fed time dazzles once again in this book: Kate Greenaway wallpaper and pictures of stags upon the walls, the housekeeper's room, the butler's pantry, nannies with nurses' maids, and a boar's head on the side table at breakfast. The children wear button boots and *broderie anglaise*; the writing-tables contain black-edged writing-paper for guests in mourning; and there were candles to light you to bed. You are either outraged at such goings-on; or else you behave with unalloyed abandon, as I do, peering in at the marvellous happenings till your nose is a flattened white button. Lady Mary is admirable: she flings wide the barrier and in you tumble. The book is wonderful and touching and hilariously funny.

M. C.

Aquinas. By F. C. COPLESTON. *Penguin Books.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

The revival of Thomism, vigorous twenty-five years ago when Maritain was fashionable and the Dominicans said sharp things about Franco's Catholic Crusade, seems recently to have lost its impetus. But the *philosophia perennis* has such vitality that it is always prepared to face some new phase in metaphysical speculation. "Generally speaking," writes Fr. Copleston, "the present-day Thomist is concerned not only to understand what Kant or Husserl or Heidegger says and why he says it, but also to discover his real contribution to philosophic thought."

It is probable that for most students Aquinas will mean reading a book about his philosophy. Every few years these introductions have to be re-written: the manuals Maritain wrote in the intellectual climate of Bergsonism, for example, will not be appropriate to the period of the Existentialists. The English reader has been dependent for too long on the French Thomists, since however well translated their little books seemed slightly alien and exotic. The singular merit of Fr. Copleston's Penguin is its Englishness; it takes its natural place in a series which is inevitably coloured by the native empiricist tradition. It is admirably open-minded. "Reflection on the foundations of their metaphysics in the light of modern empiricist criticism and of linguistic analysis," states the author forthrightly, "might lead Thomists to a greater clarification. . . ." Fr. Copleston is not always easy going, but on every page there is the typical Aquinian emphasis on the concrete: "His proofs of God's existence constitute a prolongation of the reflection on things as things." Less accessible and popular than Chesterton's little classic this introduction nevertheless evokes a like response: that if God did not exist it would be necessary to invent him in order to have someone to thank.

H. C. W.

The British Co-operative Movement. By JACK BAILEY. *Hutchinson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Bailey is secretary of the Co-operative Party, but the political activities of the co-operative movement occupy only a small part of this competent book. No one would argue that the subject is exciting; it is, however, important, for few co-operators, let alone the general public, have much idea of the history of the British movement, of its structure, the relations between the retail and wholesale societies and between the Co-operative Union and its various parts. Yet all this is an integral part of British life, and one that could be far more successful if control of it was not left in too many cases to mediocrities. Critics and members of the movement alike can find valuable information in Mr. Bailey's book, despite the difficulty of understanding some passages of his flatly flamboyant prose. This criticism of *Reynolds* is typical: "Nor will its broken voice achieve mature and convincing utterance until the movement realises that adolescence is the dawn of manhood, not merely the climax to the struggles of childhood." What, in plain English, does that mean?

H. B.

Middleton's Tragedies. By SAMUEL SCHOENBAUM. *Oxford*, for *Columbia.* 36*s.*

"Middleton," we are told, "is fond of the interjection *push*, a relatively infrequent variant of *pish*, while Tourneur favours *tush*." A reader who judges this sort of thing tosh will be uninterested in that part of Mr. Schoenbaum's book which tackles various problems of authorship by means of painstaking verbal and metrical tests. Literary detectives, however, will find a great deal to chew over, particularly perhaps in the section dealing with *The Revenger's Tragedy*.

Is this powerful play, now enshrined in two major editions of Tourneur's works, really by Middleton, as a number of scholars have supposed? Mr. Schoenbaum makes out a good case, and at the same time exposes weaknesses in the arguments of opponents. Mr. Eliot has declared that the play is very different from Middleton's allowed tragedies, *Women Beware Women* and *The Changeling*. Mr. Schoenbaum agrees, but points out that these were written some fifteen years later, and that early comedies of Middleton's, like *The Phœnix* and *Your Five Gallants*, resemble *The Revenger's Tragedy* in that they present what Mr. Eliot has called "distortions, grotesques, almost childish caricatures of humanity." It should be added that Mr. Schoenbaum's concern extends beyond these matters of learned controversy. He offers general studies of a number of the plays, and has a further work on Middleton in preparation.

J. I. M. S.

The Big Lie. By JOHN BAKER WHITE. *Evans.* 15*s.*

Under this sensational title the author recounts the part he played in the Political Warfare Executive during the 1939-45 War, and describes their subtle schemes for deceiving the enemy and lowering the morale of German troops and civilians. Mr. White

LENIN

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writes from inside knowledge of the organisation but rather late in the day. Some of his best stories have already reached our ears; the bogus Major whose body was washed ashore in Spain with false papers bobs up in print for the third time.

Why were the Germans misled so successfully? In Operation Torch their submarines were waiting off Dakar when they should have been inside the Mediterranean. In Operation Fortitude, Rommel kept a mass of troops on the wrong side of the Seine long after V-Day, waiting for 40 phantom divisions from Essex to invade the Pas-de-Calais. The teams of mystery-mongers at Woburn and Bush House were undoubtedly very cunning, but Admiral Canaris and his team, their opposite numbers, were no duffers. One reason for this inefficiency is explained in this book. There were several rival intelligences at work in Germany, each favouring its own interpretation of the conundrums posed by the Allies; and occasionally Hitler would overrule all their hypotheses by imposing his own intuition. Thus Hitler guessed right about the Normandy landings, but his generals disregarded the oracle because he had been wildly at fault over North Africa and Sicily.

The author's interesting personal experiences are marred by the vainglorious style of writing. Mr. White tells us that at the age of 21 he was conducting "a one-man war against Communism." Later he switched on another war against Fascism and there are signs in this book of an inclination to wage a third one-man war against any superior officer who did not appreciate his ability. Psychologists have another word for these single-handed campaigners. But oddly enough, Mr. White has found quite an appropriate name for himself. If he is silly enough to boast of his war-work as *The Big Lie*, he must accept the implication.

R. P.

LONDON CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY LIMITED
EDUCATION DEPARTMENT
The Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1
Saturday, 21st January — 2.30 p.m.

Special Conference
"EDUCATION AND YOUR CHILD"

Speaker: Lady Simon of Wythenshawe

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Admission: 6d.

(Delegates from interested organisations will be particularly welcomed).

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48E Park Rd., Baker St., London, N.W.1

Population and Planned Parenthood in India. By S. CHANDRASEKHAR. *Allen & Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

While one may agree with Julian Huxley, who writes the introduction to this short book, that it deals with the "central and overshadowing problem of our age," one can hardly regard it as, in his words, "an important contribution not only to Indian thinking but to world thinking" on the subject. It contains no new data, and anyone seriously in search of information would do better to consult Kingsley Davis' standard work, or the first volume of the Report on the Census of India, 1951. The author is a tireless publicist for Indian birth control. The case he states is by now widely known and is accepted by the Indian Government. He goes into rather unnecessary detail on methods of contraception, but in general his analysis is neither detailed nor deep.

C. M.

City Lights

Not Hobson's Choice

By the end of the Account, the decline in Industrial prices had slowed down and stopped, while the gilt-edged market had produced a small rally. There is no point in tagging any single explanation to the change of mood. The fear of a higher bank rate seems to have disappeared for the moment, but the disappearance is a matter more of feeling than of logic. The trade gap, after all, widened to £72m in December, with imports tumbling in as fast as ever; Mr. Thorneycroft has warned the potters that the Government will not reverse its deflationary policy at the first sign of deflation at work; and the Public Works Loans Board lending rates have been raised again. The change in sentiment about bank rate is probably due to nothing more than easier conditions in the money market and a belated realisation that Sir Oscar Hobson is not in the Treasury.

* * *

The rise in local borrowing rates is the first since the autumn budget—the first to be made on the new principle that Loan Board rates should reflect the market credit, not of the government, but of local authorities of good standing. They have gone up sharply; the short-term rate, in particular, has risen by a full point to 5½ per cent and now stands higher than the medium- and long-term rates. This increase, presumably, is based on conditions in the mortgage market, where the demand for funds is considerably greater than the supply. Since local authorities, even with their new freedom to borrow short, may not borrow from the Loan Board for less than seven years, the sharp increase in the Board's short-term lending rate may seem to be of academic significance; in fact, it will help to accelerate the gradual rise in mortgage rates which has been noticeable for some months.

There is nothing paradoxical about the fact that the short-term rate in the market should be higher than the long-term rate. While the general level of interest rates is thought to be high, everybody wants to borrow short and lend long. For some local authorities, no doubt, a stock issue would now seem so cheap relatively to mortgage borrowing as to outweigh the disadvantage of borrowing for a long period. But stock issues can be made only when the Bank of England thinks the time ripe; and though a certain number will certainly be appearing in the near future, the market play of supply and demand can hardly be called free. Under present conditions, it is impracticable for local authorities to meet their entire needs from the market, and the Board is continuing to lend on a considerable scale.

* * *

The South Durham Steel and Iron Company will be offered for sale to the public on Monday. The sale comprises 8m £1 Ordinary shares at 27s 6d and £3m 5¼ per cent debentures 1976-81 at 97. The debenture stock offers a gross redemption yield of £5 9s 6d per cent and should command a small premium. The prospective yield on the Ordinary is £5 16s 5d, if one can accept the estimate of an 8 per cent dividend, 2½-times covered by earnings. Ingot capacity is due to rise by 40 per cent over the next three years; and though the issue is hardly likely to attract many stags, it will be well supported by long-term investors.

The Woolworth's results for 1955 turned out to be very much what the market expected. Gross profits rose by 10 per cent to £22½m, and the dividend is raised from 50 to 56¼ per cent. Whether the company—traditionally a popular growth investment—can continue to expand at this rate in the face of strong competition from other stores with other methods is a question which the exiguous earnings yield on the shares seems to ignore.

The Millspaugh affair is over. Hadfields and their friends managed to acquire more shares than Mr. Landegger, but found their victory expensive. With Mr. Landegger threatening to take over Hadfields itself to get his money back, it became politic to buy out so large a minority shareholder. After negotiations, Mr. Landegger agreed to sell his Millspaugh holding to Hadfields on the same share-exchange terms as were originally offered to all Millspaugh shareholders. This gave him a substantial profit. He now holds nearly one-fifth of the Hadfields equity, and until he has disposed of it the story cannot be regarded as finished. The Hadfields board has, in any case, had to pay a very high total price for its new subsidiary, and unless it can be justified by a higher rate of profit from Millspaugh under the new arrangements, Hadfields' shareholders will have every reason to complain. Mr. Landegger might even lead the chorus.

TAURUS

Week-end Competition

No. 1,352

Set by Arthur Marshall

A French translation of E. M. Forster's *Howard's End* has appeared under the title *Le Legs de Mrs. Wilcox*. Competitors are invited to invent stimulating French titles for any six English novels. Entries by January 31.

Result of No. 1,349

Set by John Pomfret

The usual prizes are offered for a rhyming prophecy for 1956.

Report

In nineteen hundred and fifty-six
We shall all be in the usual fix.

sang E. Christian and at least two score competitors echoed her sentiments. Everyone seemed to take it for granted that prices would rise, taxes grow heavier, the Bomb increase like Frankenstein and Great Britain suffer resounding defeats at Wimbledon, Melbourne and the Oval.

Krushchev and Bulganin will be coming in the Spring!
How British bells will peal! How British hearts will sing!
Australia will smite us from the Oval back to Lords—
Our own Olympics team will fall before the Russian hordes—
Gold reserves will tumble and cause panic at the banks—
Egypt will make trouble with her patched-up British tanks—
Danger! Worry! Tension! wherever the eye focuses,
But Krushchev and Bulganin will be coming with the crocuses!

Unfortunately, he ruined his chances with an atrocious false quantity in the final line of his last verse, and receives a half-a-guinea consolation prize. Two guineas to E. Timperley, Brian Barder and Leonard Cooper. Runners-up include Bryan Ellis, J. G. Dixon, Leslie Johnson, and Allan M. Laing.

Company Meetings

MARTINS BANK LIMITED

Mr. A. HAROLD BIBBY'S REVIEW.

THE NATION'S ECONOMY

A DIFFICULT YEAR

Mr. A. Harold Bibby, D.S.O., D.L., Chairman of Martins Bank Ltd, in his statement to shareholders, said *inter alia*:—

The year had barely started before the balance of trade moved against this country and unless this trend were arrested we would be heading for national insolvency.

Undoubtedly we have been spending too much and consuming too much, in the belief that we were more prosperous. This extended to housing, factories, consumer goods, etc., and the sum of all these meant that material and labour were diverted to satisfying the home trade at the expense of our exports.

Following upon the two rises in the Bank Rate and the restriction of credit by the banks, the Autumn Budget gave one further deterrent to home spending. It still remains of paramount urgency that the Government should introduce substantial economies in expenditure both on Government and Local Authority account; unless this is done the other remedies cannot possibly produce a cure. We all applaud the declaration of Mr. Butler, prior to his relinquishing the office as Chancellor of the Exchequer, to protect the pound sterling and congratulate him on the confidence in the pound abroad as well as at home. If confidence in our currency were shaken no one would wish to trade with us nor would anyone at home be willing to save.

During the year we lived in conditions of full employment: we were expanding too rapidly and when full employment reaches a point where the worker ceases to feel that efficiency and effort are essential then the blessings of full employment vanish.

AUTOMATION FOR GREATER PROSPERITY AND INCREASED EMPLOYMENT

Automation, the science of advanced mechanisation, is being held up in some quarters as the forerunner of future unemployment. This is a false idea for, taking industry as a whole, the biggest advances in employment have proved to be in those industries where mechanisation has been fully applied. Not only have those directly employed benefited themselves but by expanding their production countless amenities at lower prices have been made available to the country as a whole. The real threat to full employment is rejection rather than acceptance of increasing mechanisation.

In the near future we shall hear more of monopolies, but the Trade Unions must not forget that the closed shop, the same wage for the good, bad or indifferent worker, the refusal to put into physical practice labour-saving machinery, are all forms of monopolies. All costs, be they of commodities, finished products or wages, that do not directly represent their true value are equally evil and what is wrong for one cannot be right for another.

The year 1955 has been bedevilled by official and unofficial strikes. Every section of the community has had to pay some part of the penalty for unnecessary inter-union squabbles and it is to be hoped that the great Trade Unions will find leaders who can lead.

Unless there is real assurance that a contract will be honourably carried out by both parties, there can be little confidence or goodwill in industry. This goes with a realisation by both employers and employed that the fundamental interests of both are the same, neither can prosper without a prosperous industry, and that the consumer is equally entitled to share in lower prices for only in this way can the rise in the cost of living and inflation be halted.

What can be said is that if the people in the United States of America were prepared to accept today the standard of living they had twenty-five years ago, they would need to work only one day a week under current industrial conditions. As it is they prefer to take full advantage of every labour-saving device, work hard while on the job and so have all the advantages that they now enjoy.

Cannot we capture that spirit of individual enterprise which accepts the principle that all are entitled to work to their full capacity to their own and the national benefit?

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK LTD.

Mr. D. J. Robarts on "Credit Squeeze," Government Expenditure and Consumption Demand.

The 123rd annual general meeting of National Provincial Bank Limited will be held on February 9th in London.

The following is an extract from the circulated statement of the Chairman (D. J. Robarts, Esq.):—

The profit and loss account shows a net profit for the year of £1,882,139 compared with £1,827,044 for 1954. An interim dividend of 9 per cent has been paid. It is proposed to pay a final dividend of 9 per cent and to appropriate £1,000,000 to Contingencies Account.

Investments continue to be shewn in the Balance Sheet at less than market value.

The past year has been an eventful one for the United Kingdom in the field of national finance. The financial policy pursued by the Government dominates the activities of the whole banking industry of the United Kingdom. The most publicised feature of banking policy during the year has been the "credit squeeze."

By midsummer it became apparent that the steps taken earlier in the year to improve the country's economy were not adequate. On 25th July the Chancellor, through the medium of the Bank of England, requested the member banks of the British Bankers' Association to bring about a "positive and significant" reduction in their advances to their customers over the next few months.

In carrying out the Chancellor's request, the Bank has been presented with innumerable problems both economic and human. To deprive our customers, whose welfare we have at heart and upon whose prosperity our own must depend, of the bank credit which they would normally and reasonably expect, can only be justified on the ground that credit restriction is at this time necessary to supplement other Government measures aimed at strengthening the country's financial position.

The measures which have been taken in the monetary field appear to be working in the right direction. The drain on our gold and dollar reserves is diminishing and the sterling exchange is firmer. It remains to be seen, however, whether they will be sufficient to place our economy on a solid and impregnable foundation.

Need for Major Changes of Policy

Arbitrary controls and restrictions of bank credit are merely attempts to cover up the symptoms and cannot cure the disease of inflation. What is needed is to reduce the volume of the *demand* for credit which is linked up with high Government expenditure and excessive consumption on the part of the public.

The high policy of the Government in fields ranging from Defence to the National Health Service, and not forgetting the whole gamut of subsidies, needs a radical re-appraisal in the light of our present-day needs and capacities. Only major changes of policy can produce the necessary easing of the heavy burden upon our economy—a burden which could not be supported if a recession in trade were to occur.

There remains, however, the even more thorny problem of reducing consumption demand. The official statistics on National Income and Expenditure show clearly that the bulk of the consumption demand comes from the aggregate earnings of the lower-income groups. A fresh round of wage increases is now in progress and one cannot but feel deep misgivings as to their effect on our future balance of payments. An intensive campaign needs to be undertaken to explain the facts to the people and to convince them that increases of money wages, unaccompanied by increases in productivity, must have the effect of raising prices and the cost of living, and undermining the stability of our economy. Our solvency is precarious and, as the events of last year have shown, at the mercy of strikes in key industries; and so long as the Government is not able to deal with this problem, confidence in our economy is not likely to be restored abroad. On this point, too, I can only express the hope that the Government will be able, with the co-operation of the T.U.C., to induce in organised labour a clearer realisation of the difficulties with which we, in this island, are faced in trying to maintain our standard of living. However, the difficulties are by no means unmanageable and if tackled firmly, by appropriate measures, I am confident that they can be overcome.

BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED

A FAVOURABLE OVERALL RESULT.

The Annual General Meeting for the year 1956 of the Stockholders will be held at the Head Office of the Bank, 54 Lombard Street, London, E.C.3, on Thursday, 9th February, 1956.

Capital Issued £22,914,703: Reserve Fund £17,750,000.

Current Deposit and other Accounts £1,390,036,409 (1954—£1,439,930,557).

Advances £358,307,384 (1954—£388,808,982).

Investments £447,145,207 (1954—£511,220,779).

Net Profit £2,645,381 (1954—£2,549,399).

The following is an extract from the statement of the Chairman, Mr. Anthony William Tuke, circulated to the Stockholders:—

The profits of the Bank for 1955 are slightly higher on balance than a year ago, and the Board are recommending the same dividends as for 1954. Our profits have been affected by the increase in the price of money during 1955, but whilst this may be expected to produce increased gross profits, it reflects an unbalanced economy and tends to bring awkward problems in its train. The active steps which we had to take to reduce our advances have inevitably reduced our profit-earning capacity. They did not, however, begin to take effect until the second half of the year, and as the influence of dearer money began to operate early in the year, and as rather less provision has to be made for tax, the net outcome is rather more favourable than last year. This result has been achieved in spite of the fact that there has been a heavy increase in our expenses due to an extensive reorganisation of our salary structure which we undertook early in the year. The Board were satisfied that this was a proper step for them to take in justice to the legitimate needs of the staff.

Balance Sheet Figures

Our Deposits at the year end are lower by nearly £50,000,000 than a year earlier. On the average throughout the year they have been maintained at figures slightly in excess of the corresponding average for 1954, and in this respect we seem to have been rather more fortunate than the general run of the Clearing Banks. We have been able to maintain our liquidity ratio without undue inconvenience. We built up our ratio to 37.87 per cent by the end of the year, and have thus prepared ourselves to face the contraction in deposits and bank cash which always occurs in the first three months of the year, and which, in spite of the reduction in the standard rate of income tax, is likely to be severe this time because of the buoyant profits of industry and commerce. We shall not, however, be able to look with favour, in present conditions, on proposals by customers to borrow additional money to meet these obligations.

Our Investments show a marked fall on the year, as a direct consequence of the contraction of credit. When the squeeze began to develop in the early part of the year we sold a considerable block of our shortest-dated investments, which would by this time have been redeemed in any case. We have also taken advantage of the conditions prevailing to carry out certain exchanges designed to improve the balance of our portfolio, without increasing its average maturity. As is well known, there has been a heavy fall during the past year in the market quotations for securities of the class which we hold, but we regard this as of passing interest only and, as on former occasions, we do not think it necessary to immobilise inner reserves by making any further specific provision against it.

Our advances, in spite of the reduction in the last few months, show a substantial increase on the average of the monthly figures as compared with 1954, and the average yield is probably about 10s. per cent. higher. This has helped to offset a reduced income from our Investments at their lower level, but with Advances now showing a downward trend we cannot expect to be so fortunate in this respect in 1956.

Copies of the Directors' Report containing the full text of the Chairman's Statement may be obtained from Barclays Bank Limited, Room 156, 54 Lombard Street, London, E.C.3.

As through a glass darkly,
In crystal of plastic
Whirl electrons, or neutrons
(The jargon's elastic).

Rising from shadows
Of gloom anagogic,
Twin spirals uncurl
Their paltering logic.

"They mean," says the Wizard,
(Bad luck to all boffins!)
"That costs are still soaring,
From nappies to coffins."

Sciomancy thus shows
For the year newly born,
The more money you get
The more you'll be shorn.

E. TIMPERLEY

From now till March Sir Anthony will rarely
Be Critic-ised, but praised still more unFairlie.
The I.T.V. will not get any better:
Tynan will praise the Yugoslav theatre.
In April-June Earl Attlee buys a filly
And H-Bomb trials are carried out by Chile.
An eel will sing, and Decca will record it—
The Goan stage will earn a Tynan plaudit.
July-September: crows will croon for Decca;
Sir Selwyn Lloyd will move to the Exchequer:
The bank rate will be trebled. On the Rhine an
Exceptional Macbeth will play—to Tynan.
October-end: Nye Bevan jailed (sedition);
Butskell leads Labour-Tory coalition;
Measures to "check inflation" will be "firmer":
Tynan (I hope) will emigrate to Burma.

BRIAN BARDER

Fog and snow for New Year's greeting, ban on all domestic heating,
Russia leaves an UNO meeting, threat of war in Middle East.
Feb. Australian Test team chosen, everything but wages frozen,
Eggs at two pounds ten a dozen, all war criminals released.

March—a scream for science teachers, eighteen horses fall at Bechers,
Oxford sink in Chiswick Reach as Cambridge win in record time.
April Budget, banks stop lending, Chancellor remains unbending,
"Money is not meant for spending," hire purchase made a crime.

Summer—one long string of crises, catastrophic rise in prices,
Thousands die from poisoned ices, crops destroyed by storm and pests.
Bread and meat go back on ration, fearful smash at Croydon station,
Living up to expectation, England lose the first four Tests.

Autumn Budget doubles taxes, U.S.A. and Soviet Axis,
Export wanes and Import waxes, Oval triumph—Rain. No Play.
Cabinet re-shuffle places, strictly on an Old Boy basis,
Same old names and same old faces; M.P.'s strike for higher pay.

LEONARD COOPER

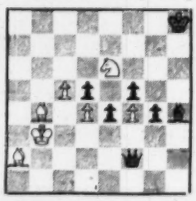
The Chess Board

No. 329. Chipp's Chaps

Dr. Chipp is a charming old gentleman who, for some years now, has devoted the leisure of his retirement at Hastings to the worthy cause of spreading the gospel of Chess among the youngsters organised in the *Hastings and District School Chess League*. There are nearly three hundred of them, aptly called "Chipp's chaps" by F. A. Rhoden who, apart from being Hastings' most efficient Tournament Director, is a schoolmaster no less keenly devoted to inspiring the love of Chess among the local boys. It was as pleasing as ever to see them eagerly serving the wall-boards and collecting autographs from the grandmasters, reverently watching masterly post-mortem analysis, and untiringly playing "skittles" among each other. In term-time Dr. Chipp sees to it that they get regular coaching and match practice, and three of them have been selected to play in the forthcoming Sussex v. Middlesex match. Among them is 16-year-old R. A. J. Riddle who won this remarkable game in one of the dozen minor tournaments of the Congress.

(1) P-K4	P-QB4	(16) B-Kt6	Q-Q2
(2) Kt-KB3	P-Q3	(17) P-B6	P x P
(3) P-Q4	P x P	(18) P x P	B-R3
(4) Kt x P	Kt-KB3	(19) Q-K1	Q-R6
(5) Kt-QB3	P-KKt3	(20) R-R3	Kt-Kt5
(6) B-K3	B-Kt2	(21) B x Kt	Q x B ch
(7) B-K2	Kt-B3	(22) K-R1	K-R1
(8) Kt-Kt3	P-QR3	(23) P-Kt4	QR-B1
(9) 0-0	0-0	(24) R-KKt3	Q-R5
(10) P-B4	Q-B2	(25) P-B3	R-B5
(11) P-KKt4	B-K3	(26) B-Q4	R-B1
(12) P-B5	B x Kt	(27) Q-K2	Kt-B2
(13) RP x B	Kt-K4	(28) Kt-K7	QR-K1
(14) P-Kt5	Kt-K1	(29) R(1)-B3	Kt-K3
(15) Kt-Q5	Q-Q1	(30) R-R3	resigns

It was, incidentally, a former boy champion D. G. Horseman who, surprisingly and in spite of (or because of) his predilection for the Allgaier Gambit, won the extremely strong Major Section of the Premier Reserves; when playing Black against the French master H. Popel he was involved in what was probably the most exciting game of the Congress. After a good many hair-raising thrills this position was reached in which Black will soon be forced to give up a piece, so as to stop White from queening with a check.



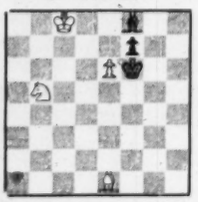
(53)	P-Kt6	(60) K-Q4	P-K6
(54) P-B6	B-Q1	(61) B x P	P-K7
(55) KtxB	Q x QP!	(62) B-B4	Q-Q7 ch
(56) B-B3	Q x B ch	(63) K-B5	Q-Q2
(57) K x Q	P-Kt7	(64) B x P	Q x Kt
(58) P - B7	P—Q	(65) B-B4	
(59) Kt-K6	Q-B8 ch		

Here Horseman offered the draw. Obviously, he mustn't play Q-B1, on account of (66) K-Kt6.

A: Leonid Kubbel
1935

The 4-pointer is a glamorous mate in 7, and beginners might well take the useful hint that, while it may be immediately fatal to accept the gift of the Q it might be inevitable a few moves later. **B** is a win, **C** a draw, and they may be none too difficult for 6 and 7 ladder-points respectively.

B : Novikov



C: V. & M. Platov 1911

Usual prizes. Entries by January 30.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 326. Set December 31

A: (1) . . . Kt x BP. (2) K x Kt, Kt-Kt5 ch. (3) K-Kt3, Q-B3. (4) Kt-B3, Q x R. (5) B-Q2, Kt-B3. (6) P-K4, P x P. (7) P x P, O-O. (8) B-B3, Q x B, etc.

B: (1) B-R4! R-Kt8 ch. (2) B-K1 etc, if (1) . . . K x B. (2) R x P etc.

C: (1) R-Kt1! P x Kt(Q) ch. (2) K-R3 ch, Q x R stalemate, if (1) . . . P x Kt (R) ch. (2) K-R5 ch, R x R stalemate, if (1) . . . P x Kt (R). (2) K-R5 ch, Kt-Kt2 ch. (3) K-R6, R x R stalemate.

Many dropped a point by ignoring the P = R variation in **C**. Others fell for the temptation 1B-R5? in **B**. Even so, a good many flawless solutions. Prizes shared by E. Allan, R. C. Chaturvedi, O. A. W. Dilke, C. G. Hilton, J. M. Reid.

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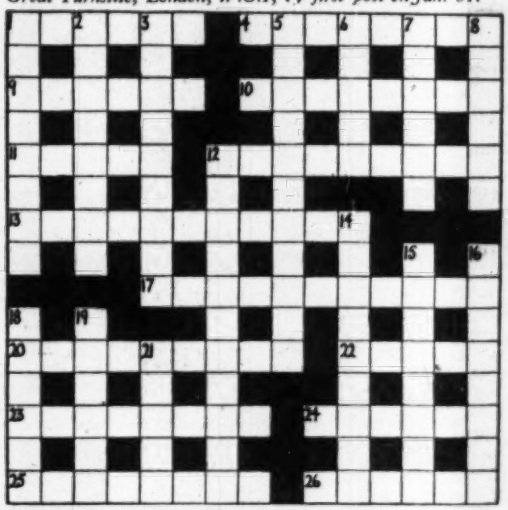
THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE CO. LTD., HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.1

Week-end Crossword No. 188

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 188, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Jan. 31.



ACROSS

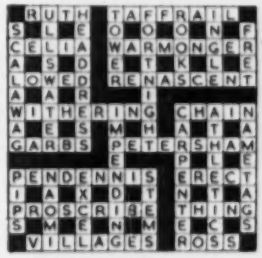
1. Mysterious month around the library (6).
4. Respects obscure signs of royalty (8).
9. "A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy" (6).
10. The fugitive to flee before a crowd (8).
11. The master has the wherewithal to start a new order (5).
12. Went the rounds even if a stroke short (9).
13. Brilliant, but not run out? (11).
17. In the end I write an account concerning wages (11).
20. I cross the intermingling birds (9).
22. Articles which are a rehash from *The Times* (5).
23. A reformed convert gives the cathedral city a start (8).
24. So this strait would be restraining (6).
25. Try doses mixed; it is killing (8).
26. Climb like a coin (6).

DOWN

1. A figure of speech for one who shows bovine stupidity? (8).
2. Headgear half consisting of devices for keeping hair in place (8).
3. Produces a rent by means of valuation in a complicated scale (9).
5. Polite behaviour is rather more than what may be remarked at the tennis club (11).
6. A vegetable, no thinker (5).
7. Truly join together again (6).
8. Rates at which the water rises inside the ship? (6).
12. I mourn about her beneath the water in an Indian city (11).
14. The supreme virtue of what the actor says in the gallery (9).
15. Where to serve a mean course (8).
16. Ability to see there is agreement among the crew (8).
18. "A mighty mountain momently was ——" (Coleridge) (6).
19. Pieces of music for birds of the street (6).
21. Victor's head has been knocked off. What a good shot! (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 186



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 186

Mrs. E. Miles (Anglesey), Guy Warrack (London, W.8), R. Postill (Jersey).

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

LONDON. York House Private Hotel, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. B. & B. from 15s. daily.

LONDON.—Professional people seeking a well-appointed room with meals, close West End, should call at Park House, 143, Holland Park Ave., W.11. PARk 6280.

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. 'Phone BAY. 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

WORLD Congress of Faiths has furnished bed-sitting-rooms available to suitable tenants at 23 Norfolk Sq., W.2. Charges from £3 5s. sing., from £7 dble., inclusive of breakfast. Apply Secretary.

LARGE pleasant room in quiet, clean house. Mod. rent, incl. service, light, linen. Bkfast optional. Gentleman. PRI. 5314.

LARGE, attractive, single, furnished room to let. All conveniences. STA. 5085.

COMF. single, furn. room, h. & c., elec. fire, ckg. facs., use bath. GLA. 3406.

B.S. rm., Muswell Hill area. Gas fire. H. & C. Use of k./board. TUD. 6866.

ATTRAC. lgs. dbl. furn. b/s. rm. with kit. Nr. bus & tube. £3 10s. TUD. 0516.

QUEEN'S Park, N.W.6. Sgle./dble. rms. Bkfst., dinner. From 3½*gns.* LAD 2809.

TO let, well-furn. single & dble. bed-sitting-rooms; modern house. HAM. 8698.

HIGHGATE, nr. Tube. B/s., bfast., evg. snack. 2½-3*gns.* Prof. fam. MOU. 9365.

BEDROOM & Sitting-room to let. Cooking facilities. Use bath. Tel. HAM. 3032.

CONTEMPORARY newly furn. flatlet, suit 2. HEN. 6437, evenings and week-end.

LADY has divan-sitting-room to let in modern block flat, Ealing. Share kitchen, bath. 35s. per week. Box 2302.

YOUNG bachelor invites do. share s/c., N.W.3, flat. Write fully, Box 2388.

CONGENIAL atmosphere. Sgle. rm. 45s. 6d. Also 1-rm. flatlet, no kit. H. & c. Nr. Baker St. £2 17s. 6d. HAM. 8109.

LADY occupying alone 5-room flat, mod. block, Ealing, would let unrqd. accom. fur. 4*gns* wk. State fully reqmnts. Box 2303.

GOLDERS Green, quiet, clean tenant(s) for contemp. furn. dble. b/s. rm. & kit.-dinette. Graduate landlords. MEA. 2280.

THREE bed-sits., k. and b., linen, tel., etc. Muswell Hill. Suit students or nurses. £2 p.w. each. Box 2334.

MIDDLE-aged widower offers gentleman board & accom, in Kensington house on expense sharing basis. Write Box 2151.

MAN offd. pleas. rm. in anr's. flat nr. Hyde Pk. Kit., tel., bath. Reas. Box 2438.

ATTRAC. sgle. b/s. in priv. flat, c.h., use bath, kit., garden. HAM. 0244.

PUTNEY. Attractively furnished divan room to let. Own kit. Garden. Prof. man preferred. £2 17s. 6d. p.w. PUT. 3395.

HIGHGATE, N.6. Large light furn. sit. rm. & small bedrm., ckg. facs. Suit married couple or friends. 3*gns.* WAN. 61

HAMPSTEAD Heath. Furn. divan-sit.-rm., sink, gas fire & rings, elec. lt. & power, use bath & tel. 35s. per week incl. elec. 22 Nassington Road, N.W.3. HAM. 5237.

PROF. couple urgently req. s/c, accom., furn. or unfurn., at reas. rent. London area. Considerate tenants. Box 2175.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

EXCHANGE 2 rms., K. & B., top floor (lift), W.1, only £110 p.a., unfur. for 3/4 rms., reas. cent. £200 p.a./nr. Box 2315.

FURN. flatlet wntd. Lond. week-ends, journalist, musical, good tenant. Box 2138.

CIVIL Servant, ex-W.R.N.S. & Foreign Office, desperate settled home, seeks 1 room, k. & b., or share flat. Box 2298.

ARTIST requires studio with living accommodation. Box 2243.

WTED. Room, bkfst., high tea/supper for poor student (21, m.). S.W.1. Box 2323.

STUDENT reqs. comf. furn. acc. Use k. Lond. county. During terms only. Box 2430.

YOUNG business woman wishes to share lady's flat within easy access West End. Box 2443.

BUSINESS lady requires furnished/unfurnished divan sitting-room, possibly with kitchenette. N.W. area. Box 2256.

BUS. lady seeks comf. accom., perm., near Holborn. Moderate. Box 2262.

EXPECTING to hear from somebody willing to provide workroom home for dress-maker-designer-machinist. London. Box 2429.

WOULD lady living Cent. London share her flat with business woman in 30's? Clean, comf., warm accom. required. Box 2351.

STUDIO or similar accom. wanted, pref. near upstream Thames with fast connections to L.C.C. Hall. WIL. 0828 evg./wkend.

N.S. officer, soon to be research stud., shs. rm. in/nr. Oxford; meals pref. F/O. Wishart, R.A.F. Tech. Coll., Henlow, Beds.

YUGOSLAV gentleman, Hotel Manager, studying English, would like room with good English family, Cent. Lond. Box 2462.

FURNISHED or unfurnished office W.C.1/W.1 areas required by professional organisation in suitable office building. Would share accommodation. Details: Mr. Hart, 18 Barter Street, W.C.1, or phone Ealing 8914.

LANDLORDS. An invaluable, reliable but absolutely free serv. to those letting fur. accom. Vacancy normally filled by carefully vetted applicants within 3 days of 'phoning Douglas West Bureau, FRE. 5001 (9 a.m.-7 p.m.), FRE. 5790, FRE. 9748 (7 p.m.-10 p.m.).

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

SMALL s/c. flat, bus./professional couple. Hot water. 4*gns.* HAM. 8707.

BEAUTIFULLY furn. not inexpens. oasis (3-rm. flat, k. & b.) quiet dist. N.W. Avail. Feb. 9/10 months. No "little pets" human or otherwise; domestic "treasure" avail. by negotiation. Refs. reqd. Box 2222.

ACTOR'S family off to Stratford for season wish to let (furn.) Regent's Park maisonette February-December. PRI. 9067.

ADVERTISER has house W.11, in primitive condition, 2 unfurn. or semi-furn. flats to let in ret. reas. rent & contrib. towards plumbing. Nicholls BAY. 7704, 1-3 p.m.

TO let shortly: Attrac. furn. flat. Lovely position nr. Heath. 2 lge. rms., kit. & bathrm. Piano welc. 2 adults only. 5*gns.* wkly. Easy access City and W. End. Box 2249.

TO Let. Almost self-contained single bed. sit. & kit. Top of mean main road, Islington. £2 p.w. Phone Oliver, CAN. 5094.

GOWER Peninsula. Fortnightly periods. To let. Rhosilly. Mod. Bungalow. Garage, lge. living rm. Accom. 7, Kit., scullery, elec. H. & c., bathrm. Box 2179.

LAKELAND hols. Comf. furn. bungalow to let; sleep 4; indoor san. Box 2254.

PROPERTIES TO LET & WANTED—cont'd

S/C. flat Dulwich, suit 1-2 adults. £60 quarter. GUL. 5297 or GIP. 3332.

FURN. 5-room maisonette. Dr.'s well-converted private house, Notting Hill. 5*gns.* wk. Children consid. Box 2304.

FURNISHED flat to let. 2 rooms 2*gns.* or 3 rooms £2 12s. 6d. Garden, country, daily reach London. Woldingham 2374.

YOUNG English couple need small flat, central London, furnished or unfurnished. Reasonable rent. Box 2436.

WTD. by Dr. & wife: s/c. furn. flat (2 rms. k. & b.), conv. to Westminster, C.h. & c.h.w. if poss. Up to £5 p.w. Box 2384.

STAINED Glass Artist reqs. hse. within 15 mls. Lond., w. room suitable for conversion to studio. Up to £3,500. Box 2431.

FATHER and son require unf. s/c flat, 3 rooms, k. & b. W. London preferred. Excellent references. Box 2266.

ADVERTISER will pay cons. sum tenancy unf. flat. Baker & Co. LAN. 0132.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

TWO "New Statesman" competitors (worldly but not grasping) invite third (or similar character) to purchase share in semi-rural estate half-hour Great Turnstile. S.c. flat (5 rms.) in elderly but pleas. hse. provided. Top floor but view compensates. Entries to Barnet 3252. Limit £2,500.

WHERE TO STAY

SUSSEX. 12 m. Eastbourne. Charm. guest hse. Everything home-made. Vegetarians welc. Fr. 6*gns.* Whinrig, Horam. Tel. 211.

OLD Plaw Hatch, nr. East Grinstead. You can golf, walk or ride, or laze in front of big log fires. Lovely furniture, Persian carpets and a friendly atmosphere. Good food too. Sharpthorne 17.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels, on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast and countryside, with supplementary Mini-Guide listing over 500 friendly halts for Bed and Breakfast, 5s. post free. Victor Hilton, Harbourside, Torquay.

STRUAN House, Carrbridge, Inverness-shire. Comfortable country house; large garden. Ski-ing with Austrian instructor; all grades including beginners; skis, boots, transport for hire, musical evenings, ping-pong, etc. Brochure. Tel 242.

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accommodation in artists' house. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd.

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House. The Heads, for happy holidays. Surrounded by lovely Lakeland scenery. Gd. food. Brochure. Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

SWITZERLAND, Montreux. Spend winter in sunshine and comfort. Pension from Frs. 16. Particulars: Hotel Régina.

RESTFUL holidays with good food, warmth, comfort, in country Guest House. Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. (Hatfield Heath 263.)

BEACONSFIELD. Old Jordans Hostel. Quaker Guest House, h. & c. every bedrm. Interior sprung mattresses. C. htg.

RYE. The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. approved, licensed. A well-liked holiday hotel. Re-opening March 24.

COTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal hotel, beautiful, quiet sit. above sandy beach. Mod. comforts, 1st-class cuisine. Casino, dancing. Red. rates to June 30 and after Sept. 10. Illus. broch.: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

WHERE TO STAY—continued

HOLIDAYS glorious Devon. Woolacombe. 3 miles golden sands. Furnished bungalows to let, also good-class board residence adjg. beach. Bathing from house. Ideal surf riding. Mrs. M. Garness, Sea View. Tel. 44.

PEMBROKESHIRE. Nature lovers welcomed; historic house, woods, lakes, own farm; modern amenities; sea near. Lockley, Orielton Nature Reserve, Pembroke.

DEVON. Guest hse. 3 acres grnds. Peaceful yet centl. Packed lunches. Own prod. Fr. 5*gns.* Hayman, Bossell, Buckfastleigh.

MODERN Veget. Guest Hse. Children welc. All comforts. Bed & Bkfst. Full Board. Terms dly. "Bon Sante," 23 Pinecliffe Ave., Southbourne, Bournemouth.

SWANAGE Vegetarian Guest Hse. o/lkg. sea. Continental ckg. Children welc. Broch.: "Waveney," Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

CONVALESCENCE, rest or winter holiday? All desiring real warmth & comfort will enjoy Normanhurst, the small, friendly hotel. A lovely home in "Britain's Best Climate" (mild, no fogs). Twin-bedded 4½/6½*gns.* Singles, 5½*gns.* up, incl. full board, early tea, htd. bedrm. (cen. htg. throghout). No gratuities. Convalescents welcome, bkfst. in bed (nominal charge). Fresh fruit dly. Vegetarian if desired. Facing sth., opp. covrd. walk, nr. warm Sun-Lnge. Illus. brochures. Recommended by readers. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea Front, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. 'Phone Hastings 4784.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Robertsbridge 126.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 5s. *per line (average 6 words). Box No. 2s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8431.*

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

B.B.C. requires Assistant, Light Music Programmes (Sound). Duties include building, casting and making detailed arrangements for Light Music programmes for various types of ensemble, supervision in studio of rehearsals and transmissions. Musical training, professional experience, thorough knowledge of light music repertoire essential. Ability to write presentation material for microphone an advantage. Salary £975 (may be higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,280 p.a. maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting Reference 1485, N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

LONDON County Council. City Literary Institute, Stukeley Street, W.C.2. Applications are invited from men and women for the post of full-time Principal. The City Literary Institute provides, mainly in the evenings, part-time non-vocational adult education, in literature, modern languages, history, philosophy, music and the arts. Good honours degree and wide experience of teaching and organisation essential. Salary scale £1,415 × £50—£1,565 (men); £1,212 17s.–£1,565 (women) plus London allowance. Application forms from Education Officer (F.E.5), County Hall, S.E.1, returnable by February 10 (11).

ADMINISTRATIVE Head of Film Section of a major industry, to work with Films Officer and relieve him of all executive duties other than technical planning and production of large annual film programme. Administrative experience and ability more important than specialised knowledge. Salary within range £950-£1,200 p.a. Write, with full particulars of age, qualifications, education and experience, before February 13, 1956, to Box 2381.

RUSKIN College, Oxford. Applications invited for post of General Secretary, commencing September 1, 1956. Salary scale £700 × 50—£1,100. Superannuable (F.S.S.U.). Starting point according to qualifications and experience. Duties include those of Bursar and Secretary to Governors. Administrative experience, knowledge of accounts, familiarity with adult education, the trade union and labour movement, desirable. Full details on application to General Secretary, Ruskin College, Oxford. Closing date February 28, 1956.

WEST Riding County Council. Bretton Hall Training College for Teachers of Music, Art and Drama. Applications are invited from men and women for the following posts: (1) Senior Lecturer in Art and Craft, Head of Department. It is hoped to appoint a candidate who is a practising artist or craftsman, able to help students with the practice of their own art and to give a lead to the College in the sphere of Art Education. (2) Lecturer in Music. With high qualifications and teaching experience, especially in the sphere of Secondary Education. Interest in the College orchestra desirable. The post involves some individual tuition in orchestral instruments or pianoforte. The posts may be resident or non-resident. Further particulars and applic. forms, to be returned by February 4, can be obtained from Principal, Bretton Hall, West Bretton, Nr. Wakefield.

THE University of Leeds Appointments Board. Applications are invited from women for the post of Administrative Assistant in the Appointments Office. The salary scale is £500 × £25—£800 a year; a starting salary above the minimum may be decided upon according to qualifications and experience. Applicants should be qualified secretaries with some administrative experience and the possession of a degree would be an advantage. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further partics. may be obtained) not later than Jan. 31, 1956.

CHELTENHAM, St. Paul's College. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in English at the above Church of England Training College for Men, which will be vacant from September 1, 1956. Details and application forms from the Principal, St. Paul's College, Cheltenham.

CHELTENHAM, St. Paul's College. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Science (with special reference to Physical Science) at the above Church of England Training College for Men. This is a new post, starting September, 1956. Details and application forms from the Principal, St. Paul's College, Cheltenham.

MIDDLESEX County Council, Education Committee. Education Welfare Officer (man or woman) required in Brentford & Chiswick. Good education; duties connected with school attendance, employment of children, welfare. Salary Misc. III & IV (£450-£575 p.a. if 26 years or over). Prescribed conditions. Applic. forms (s. a. env.) from Borough Education Officer, Town Hall, Chiswick, W.4, returnable by January 28. (Quote S.105 N.S.) Canvassing disqualifies.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Government (with special reference to international relations since 1939). This is a new post intended to introduce teaching on the political and administrative aspects of international relations at the present day. Salary scales: Lecturer £650-£1,350 per annum, initial salary according to qualifications and experience: Assistant Lecturer £550-£650 per annum. Membership of F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than March 16, 1956, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

LEEDS Council of Social Service invites applications for the post of General Secretary from Graduates and qualified Social Workers. Practical experience in Social Work essential. Activities include Personal Service, Group Work, Old People's Welfare, Hospital Service Bureau. Considerable scope for further development. Commencing Salary £700/£800 per annum. Superannuation Scheme. Applications to be submitted to The Chairman, Kirkgate House, Church Row, Leeds, 2, not later than Feb. 14, 1956, from whom forms & further pars. may be obtained.

SOCIAL Worker—Australian Red Cross Society (Victorian Division). Applications are invited from Social Workers for Red Cross Welfare Service, Melbourne, Family Case Work Agency. Applicants must hold qualification recognised school Social Work. Salary range £857-£977 p.a. (Australian). Some assistance fares considered.—Replies, giving details age, experience, etc., to Box 2316, by February 10, 1956.

ROTARY International in Great Britain and Ireland has a vacancy for an Administrative Assistant at its London Headquarters. The job should interest a man of really first-class general education and with a lively interest in current social and international affairs. The duties will include some editorial work. Age not over 30; the salary (including a cost of living bonus), according to age and experience, will be in the range £650-£850 p.a., with prospects. Compulsory contributory pension and insurance scheme. Forms of application from the Secretary, R.I.B.I., Tavistock House (South), Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1. Mark envelope "Administrative Assistant."

A MAJOR technical company is expanding the Information Section attached to its Central Research Department in London. There is a vacancy for a graduate Information Officer, who should be a Chemist. The successful applicant will be engaged on the lively dissemination of information throughout the organisation; previous experience of abstracting, editing, information searches, indexing, etc., will therefore be an advantage. Knowledge of languages or Library Association registration will be regarded as additional qualifications. A commencing salary of £600-£800 per annum will be paid according to age, experience and qualifications. Write, in confidence, giving full personal details to Box 838, c/o J. G. King & Son, 150 Fleet St., E.C.4.

CENTRAL Electricity Authority require Statistical Assistant in Utilisation Research Section in London to assist in applying statistical methods to problems of consumer and load research, especially sampling and regression analysis. Candidates should have a University degree in Mathematics or Economics, with Statistics as special subject. Salary within scale £677—£756 p.a. Applications to D. Moffat, Director of Establishments, Winsley Street, W.1, by February 1, 1956. Quote Ref. AE./735.

SLOUGH & District Co-operative Society, Ltd., Education Committee, invite applications for the position of full-time Education Secretary. The person appointed will be responsible for the development of co-operative educational activities, cultural and youth groups. Membership 23,000. Annual Sales exceed £1,600,000. N.U.C.O. scale and conditions. Application forms and further particulars from the Education Secretary, Slough & District Co-operative Society, Ltd., 200 High St., Slough, to whom applications should be returned not later than Feb. 4.

BRITISH Council requires Junior Editorial Assistant for British Medical Bulletin. Experience in medical library, or secretarial or editorial experience in medical school or on medical or scientific journal, essential. Inclusive starting salary up to £423 (men) or £385 (women) at age 25 or over, rising on present scales to £625 (men), also by stages towards equal pay for women. Typing allowance up to £32 a year if qualified. 5-day week. Pension scheme. Write quoting "Medical," and enclosing stamped addressed foolscap envelope to Director, Personnel Department, 65 Davies Street, W.1, for further particulars and application form to be returned completed by February 3, 1956.

THERE is a vacancy in the Publicity Department of the 600 group of companies for a male or female writer, age preferably between 30/40. A comprehensive knowledge of English is essential—arts degree and editing experience an advantage. Salary according to experience. Five-day week and superannuation scheme. Replies, please, to The Manager, Group Publicity Department, George Cohen, Sons, & Co., Ltd., Cunard Works, Chase Rd., London, N.W.10.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

YOUTH Organiser required by the London Co-operative Society. Duties will include responsibility for organising and supervising units of the Co-operative Youth Movement, arranging summer camps, exhibitions, displays, etc., in an area covering approximately 400 sq. miles. Applicants should have sound knowledge of the Co-operative Movement and its social purpose. Salary £556, rising by £20 p.a. to £636 annually. Commencing salary to be determined by experience and qualifications. Further details and application forms may be obtained from the Education Secretary, London Co-operative Society, Ltd., 34, Tavistock Sq., W.C.1. Completed forms to be returned by Sat., Feb. 4.

MATRON required for Home for 18 psychotic and maladjusted children, aged 3-10 years. S.R.N. not essential, but candidates must have had wide experience in children's work, be able to deal with house mother staff, possess good organising ability, energy, initiative and a sense of humour. Salary £550 × £20 (4)—£630 per annum less £170 per annum for board-residence. Home may be visited by appointment. Applications to Secretary, Mid Herts Group Hospital Management Committee, Bleak House, Catherine Street, St. Albans, Herts, stating age, training and experience, together with the names of two referees, by February 4, 1956. Further partics. avail. on request.

FAMILY Service Units has vacancies for social caseworkers. Resident and non-resident. Men and women. Resident salary scale £250/25/500 plus full board and residence. Special training provided. Units at present operating in eleven areas and further development planned. Further details from the Secretary, 25 St. Mary's Grove, N.1.

INFLUENTIAL voluntary organisation working in field of international affairs reqs. National Secretary. Knowl. world affairs essential. Min. salary £500 p.a. Young person considered favourably. Write: Lord Beveridge, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

HACKNEY Association for the Workrooms for the Elderly require an Organiser. Full-time appointment, applicants should have experience of work with old people or similar welfare work and feel confident to supervise a workroom. Commencing salary from £400 p.a., according to ability and qualifics. Applics. to Hon. Sec., A. J. L. Jacobs, Pembury Works, Pembury Gr., E.5.

LONDON County Council. Post of Special Responsibility—Deputy Headmistress, Kidbrooke School, Corelli Road, S.E.3. Headmistress, Miss M. G. Green. Applications invited for appointment as Deputy Headmistress of this secondary school for 2,000 girls. Burnham (London) salary with special allowance of £450. There is provision for academic courses leading to G.C.E. (O.A. and S. levels) and in preparation for advanced studies in Catering, Dressmaking, Tailoring, Millinery and Commerce. Applicants must have good qualifications, organising ability, a variety of teaching experience, and wide interests. Application forms EO/TS10 (Kidbrooke Deputy) to be obtained from and returned to Education Officer (EO/TS10), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, by January 27, 1956. Candidates who have recently applied for similar posts, and have no particulars to add, may apply on Form TS10B (48).

YOUTH Club Leader, experienced, required for full-time post in Kensington. Mixed Youth Club with Children's Clubs. Salary £400-£450, with pension scheme. Apply with details of qualifications to Box 2307.

MANAGER (m.) reqd. for experimental youth canteen Elephant & Castle area. Exp. youth work and ability handle sympathetically difficult adolescents needed. Some knowl. simple catering desirable. Mainly evg. work. Salary £400 (or higher according to exp.). Write, giving full qualifics., Box 2267.

SOCIAL Case Worker over 25 years, trained for progressive voluntary organisation dealing with adults and children. Salary beginning £380 or depending on experience. Apply in writing giving full details of training and experience. Guild of Service, 21 Castle Street, Edinburgh.

EXPERIENCED, enthusiastic kindergarten teacher (preferably Froebel trained) wanted Easter or Summer for recognised independent co-educational School, Hampstead. Pleasant working conditions:—Scope for initiative. Burnham Scale. London allowance. Write Box 1888.

MARKET Research deptmnt. large London Advertising Agency has vacancy for a research executive with previous agency experience. The position advertised offers scope for initiative in cheerful & progressive atmosphere. Pension fund, etc. Apply with full partics. of education & experience to Box 2329.

ASSISTANT for Council of Social Service and Citizens' Advice Bureau. Experienced interviewing and case-work. £364 p.a. Write stating age and qualifications to Secretary, Town Hall, Friern Barnet, N.11.

S.R.N. (Female) required for medical and welfare duties in busy Personnel Department of food factory in East London. Must be energetic and adaptable. Please apply stating age, education and giving full details of training and previous positions held to Box 2245.

OPTICIAN required, C.P.C. registered, managerial status, S. Wales coastal area. Accommodation available. Box 2368.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ART and Craft teacher reqd. January or April for Junior Boys. Good exp. and training essen. Burnham Scale sal. Box 2231.

REPRESENTATIVE with own transport to canvass/introduce new service to householders for photographic firm. Perseverance and conscientiousness essential. Permanent position. Salary £12 and commission, plus expenses. Box 2353.

MEDICAL Research Council. Vacancy for a Secretary in Social Medicine Research Unit. Varied work. Superannuation. Salary £427-£533, starting according to qualifications and experience. Applications to Unit's Director, London Hospital Research Laboratories, Ashfield Street, E.1.

SUPERINTENDENT'S Assistant. Unmarried mothers' home. Training/exp. yng. babies. C. of E. communicant. Details, Supt. St. Margaret's, Ferndale Rd., Woking.

ASSISTANT Secretary for correspondence college wanted. Lady, 25-30 years. Good education. £425. No Saturdays. Apply to Dr. G. E. Oates, 17, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.

PUBLISHERS require secretary for director. Apply Staff Manager, Faber & Faber, Ltd., 24 Russell Square, W.C.1.

SECRETARY to Managing Director of large firm. £500 p.a. Portman Bureau, 78 George St., W.1. WEL. 4559.

SOCIAL Research Group at London University reqs. Sec. shorthand-typist who could also assist with bibliographical work and/or simple computations. Box 2356.

EXPERT Home Typists with London Tel. No., able to collect & deliver work, reqd. for complicated theses & mss. Min. output 30,000 wds. a week. Impeccable work essent. Write with specs. of typescript: Dutton's Sec. Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 7379.

RESPONS. Sec. with init. for Architects' office. Farms, 130 Crawford St., W.1.

S/TYPIST required mornings by Secretary, Friends Temperance & Moral Welfare Union, Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1.

EXPD. administrative sh./hnd corresp./sec. 27-35 yrs. To be right-hand person. Small engraving & printing office, Camden Town. Closed Jewish hols. Box 2172.

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THE St. Stephen's Secretariat has some unusually interesting Secr. posts for educ. yng. women. 2, Broad St. Pl., Finsbury Circus, E.C.2, & 316, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1.

YOU can fill only one vacancy no matter how many others exist. Possibly we may have that one to suggest at Stella Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 9090.

IRVING Theatre, Leic. Sq., reqs. lady for office 11-3. Apply personally after 6.

INNER Hebrides, small Island farm. M./F. working partner/employee. Enthusiasm, initiative, energy more import. than exp. Whatley, Isle of Pabbay, Broadford, Skye.

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APPOINTMENTS WANTED

RESPONSIBLE intg. & well-paid post reqd. by adaptable wom. grad. B.Sc. (Econ.), 33. Admin./socio-economic/personnel. Some research/interviewing exp. Typing. Prospects essential. Good refs. Box 2223.

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ECONOMICS Graduate, 30, four tedious years' banking experience, seeks post where active intelligence & sense of responsibility more important than routine clerical efficiency. Anything consid. Box 2187.

INTERESTING part-time post reqd. by lady. Fluent German, French, Italian, Spanish. Gd. knowledge music, painting, lit. Sal. unimportant but interest essen. Box 2330.

FRENCH business man, bi-ling., 55, sks. post, perm./temp. Car-owner. Box 2328.

WOMAN grad., 24, with French, German, typing, nascent shorthand, exp. editorial & travel work, but adaptable, seeks interesting work London. Pres. sal. £475. Box 2240.

STUDENTSHIPS AND FELLOWSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of London. Application is invited for the Herbert Smith Memorial Research Studentship (for research in either Botany or Zoology, preferably on a subject connected with the interests of the Society for the Promotion of Nature Reserves), of the value of £100* per annum, tenable for two years. Applicants should normally possess a Bachelor's degree of this University (with at least Second Class Honours), or an equivalent qualification of another University in the United Kingdom, but candidates about to take their Final Degree Examination are eligible. Application (on prescribed form) must reach the Secretary to the Scholarships Committee, University of London, Senate House, London, W.C.1 (from whom form and further particulars may be obtained) not later than March 1, 1956. *In certain circumstances the Ministry of Education may supplement at their normal rates.

STUDENTSHIPS/FELLOWSHIPS—contd.

UNIVERSITY of London. Postgraduate Studentships. Applications are invited from Graduates of the University of London for the following studentships, for full-time research or advanced study: In any subject: (a) Postgraduate Studentships (£325 for one year); (b) William Lincoln Shelley Studentship, (£325 p.a. for one or two years); (c) Postgraduate Travelling Studentships (value according to need—for one year). In any subject in the Faculty of Science: (d) William Gilles Research Fellowship (£325 for one year). In English: (e) Mary Ann Britt Studentship (£100* for one year). In Modern Languages: (f) George William Britt (Senior) Studentship (£100* for one year). For Literary Studies: (g) Frida Mond Studentship (£130* p.a. for two years). *The Ministry of Education may supplement at their normal rates. Applicants for (a), (b), (d), (e) and (f) must be graduates of not more than three years' standing; for (c) they must be under the age of 28, and for (g) they must be Internal Arts graduates of preferably not more than two years' standing. Forms and further particulars from Secretary to the Scholarships Committee, Senate House, London, W.C.1, to whom applications should be returned by March 1, 1956.

HARVARD Business School Fellowships. Two fellowships are available for the academic years 1956-58 for the two-year post-graduate course in business administration. The fellowships are worth $2,600 and a similar amount of £932 must be provided either by the candidate or by his employer. Candidates must be of British nationality, and must possess a University degree or an equivalent qualification. Some industrial or commercial experience is desirable, but not essential. Further details and application forms obtainable from Director, British Institute of Management, 8 Hill St., W.1.

THE University of Manchester. Simon Fellowships. The University offers a number of Simon Fellowships for advanced study or research in the social sciences. This term is used in a wide sense to include not only Economics, Government, etc., but equally, fields such as Education, Jurisprudence and Social Medicine. Values within the range £700-£1,100 per annum (Simon Research Fellowships) or within the range of £1,150-£1,500 per annum (Simon Senior Research Fellowships), according to qualifications and experience. They are open to members of the public services as well as to persons with academic experience. Applications should be sent by March 1, 1956, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars may be obtained, and who will be pleased to answer enqs. regarding scope of the Fellowships.

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BOARDING School for boys and girls from four years. Happy surroundings. Recog. as efficient by Min. of Education. Thanet House School, Callis Court Rd., Broadstairs.

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Co-education 3 to 18. Full or weekly boarding and day school. Headmaster, James Cunningham East, M.A.

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KING Alfred School (F. 1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, age 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Rd., N.W.11.

EAST Sussex Education Committee. Saltcote Place, Rye. Places are available for girls aged 11+ of Grammar School ability at Saltcote Place, Rye, which is a boarding house for about 40 girls forming part of Rye Grammar (Mixed) School. No tuition fees are payable. The boarding fees are £156 per annum. Enquiries should be addressed in the first instance to the Head Master, Rye Grammar School.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome enquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

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PERSONAL

LONDON, bed/bkfst. reqd. ret. morning work. educ. Fr./Ital. lady. Box 2374.

AMATEUR musician requires lessons from good pianist/composer in writing piano accompaniments, improvisation and extemporising. Advanced student will suit. Box 2427.

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HOMES with young people aged between 14 and 25, especially in Dorset, Cotswolds, Norfolk, Wilts, London and Home Counties interested in entertaining similarly aged foreign visitors from Scandinavian and European countries as paying-guests principally between May and September, are invited to write Scanbrit, Ltd., 34 Gloucester Gdns., London, W.C.2. Please—no landladies.

COMMON Cause is a non-party, non-sectarian democratic organisation actively opposing totalitarianism in cultural, political and industrial spheres.—For details of aims and activities send stamped addressed envelope to Common Cause, 66, Elizabeth Street, S.W.1.

MUSIC. Contemporary & traditional composition taught. Music revised, melodies harmonized. Vegri, 36a, Monmouth Rd., W.2.

SOCIALIST organisation for childr. urgently reqs. camp site Home Counties, 2/3 wks. Summer. Sec., 1 Arrowsmith Rd., Chigwell.

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GUITAR tuition Segovia style. Eastwell, 55 Gloucester Rd., S.W.7. WES. 4752.

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BOYS & girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, now at The Manor House, Bradninch, Exeter, Elizabeth Strachan, Hele 390.

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PERSONAL—continued

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PERSONAL—continued

1956 holidays for people who are looking for the unconventional. Exploring the Dalmatian Coast by fishing boat; learning mountaineering in the Tyrol; walking the Haute Route from Chamonix to Zermatt; canoeing down the Danube; camping through Southern Greece; painting in Paris or Perugia; sightseeing in Portugal. So we could go on and on, for within the 60 pages of our 1956 booklet there is endless variety for people who want unconventional holidays. Write to Ramblers' Assoc. Services, 48 (CS), Park Road, Baker St., N.W.1.

TRAVEL Enthusiasts must not miss four things. 1, Our free 1956 Winter and Summer literature. 2, Our Film Show and Travel Forum, Jan. 31, Kensington Town Hall, 7 p.m. 3, A Travellers' Weekend in Sussex, Feb. 3. 4, An informal Dance in Continental atmosphere, Feb. 17. Write or 'phone for full information, Erna Low Travel Service, 47 (N.S.), Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

LECTURE and Concert Agency. Clubs, Colleges, Schools, invited to write for particulars of lecturers and concert artistes. Employment (administrative, household, secretarial, teaching) in schools, colleges, associations, etc. The Irene Forster Agency, 66 Marchmont St., W.C.1. TERminus 8566. (Conducted by former Head Mistress.)

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SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½*d.* for 'Stories that Sell Today" (a special bulletin) & prospectus world-famous course. Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

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THE Bridge cannot provide a blueprint for Utopia. Free men will know how to administer themselves. Write 128 Burnley Road, N.W.10.

ALLWOODS Carnation Cut Flowers—The ideal gift for all occasions. Specially selected colours or mixed shades direct from the largest growers in the world. From 1*gn.* to 5*gns.* a box. One quality, the best! Write for Catalogue, Allwood Bros., Ltd., 40 Haywards Heath, Sussex. 'Phone: Wivelsfield Green 232/233.

A PART-TIME Occupation by Writing or Drawing? Our personal home study course will interest you. E.M.I. Institutes, Dept. NS.50.P., London, W.4. (Associated with H.M.V.)

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

WRITERS' Guild (International Writers' Fellowship). Founded 1939 to assist the New Author. Agency, Expert Tuition and Revisions, Raymond Buxton, Guild House, Ross-on-Wye.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Gardens, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

P.S. Harold Ingham heartily recommends his new Tour of Sicily (one night in Naples on way out and two nights in Rome on way back)—16 days—59*gns.*—departures March 24 and August 25. He thinks the rest of his programme is pretty good, too. You would be wise to apply for a copy to Harold Ingham Ltd., 15 St. John's Rd., Harrow.

ENTERTAINMENTS

DUCHESS. TEM. 8243. 7.30. Sat. 5.30, 8.30. Th. 2.30 Tom Arnold pres. J. B. Priestley's comedy "Mr. Kettle & Mrs. Moon." "Rollicking comedy"—Evg. Stand.

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Last day 2.30 & 7.30. "Listen to the Wind."

UNITY: Sartre's "Nekrassov." Fri., Sat., Sun at 7.15. Mems. only. EUS. 5391.

"ARMS & the Man," by G. B. S. Home Office Dramatic Soc. in aid of London Council of Social Service. 7.15 Tues. Jan. 31. King George's Hall, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Tickets 7 Bayley St., W.C.1. 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Cocteau Season. Until Jan. 22: La Belle Et La Bête (A). From Jan. 23: Orpheus (A).

ROXY Repertory Cinema, BAY. 2345, Jan. 22. Clash by Night, A. Wedding Night, X.

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Jan. 21. Alec Guinness, Robert Newton in Oliver Twist (A). Dir.: David Lean, 2, 4, 6, 8.15. Open to public.

SOVIET Film Week, Scala Theatre W.1. Jan. 23 to 28, 7.30 p.m. Mon. & Thurs. "The Big Family"; 7.30 p.m. Tues. & Sat. "The Safety Match" & "Moscow Agricultural Exhib."; 7.30 p.m. Wed. & Fri. "True Friends." 2.30 p.m. Sat. "Team from Our Street." Tckts: 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., 4s., 7s 6d., B.S.F.S., 36 Spencer St., E.C.1.

CHINESE Films: "Girl of the Grasslands" (Adventure feature) and documentary. Hampstead Town Hall, Tues., Jan. 24, 8 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d. Hampstead B.C.F.A.

TRAVEL Forum and Film Show, Jan. 31, Kensington Town Hall, 7-10.30 p.m. Come and get new ideas for your 1956 Holiday. Erna Low will show her own coloured travel films of Italy, Spain and Majorca, Austria, Yugoslavia, and give a running commentary. Travel Experts will answer your questions. Entr. free. Tkts. from Erna Low Travel Serv., 47 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7.

THE Continental Club, 15 Baker St., W.1, holds Dances every Saturday and Sunday from 8 p.m., and has foreign language classes every Tuesday from 8.15 p.m. Unique continental atmosphere. For partics., write Secretary or please call at the Club.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1, Sat., Jan. 21, 8-11. Dancing to Don Simmons Group. Members 3s. and their guests 5s.

CONCERTS

BACH Concert. London Harpsichord Ensemble. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room. Sat., Jan. 21, at 8.15. WAT. 3191.

PRACTICAL Piano Technique. Three Lecture-Demonstrations by James Ching. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sats., Jan. 21, Feb. 4 and 18, at 2.30. No tickets. Silver coll. Mus. Ben. Fund. Detailed Syllabus from James Ching, M.A., B.Mus. Oxon., 38a Hollycroft Ave., N.W.3. HAM. 8256.

I.C.A., Tues., Jan. 24, at 7.30 p.m. at Wigmore Hall, W.1. Recital by Yvonne Loriod. Programme includes Preludes and Etudes by Debussy, Pieces by Olivier Messiaen and 1st perf. in England of Sonata No. 2 by Pierre Boulez. Tickets 9s., 6s. and 3s. from Wigmore Hall (WEL. 2141).

RECITAL: Margaret Good, piano; William Pleeth, cello. Shostakovich, Polowinkin, Rachmaninoff. Sun., Jan. 22, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8. Adm. 3s. 6d. (S.C.R. and Students 2s. 6d.)

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d. post free.

TATE Gallery. Modern Art in the United States. Weekdays 10-6, Sun. 2-6. Adm. free. Closes Feb. 12.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. A Group of Contemporary Paintings. Closing January 28.

INTERNATIONAL Exhibition of Books on History, from many countries. Open until Jan. 28 at Collet's Exhibition Gallery, 45 Museum St., London, W.C.1. Wkdys. 11 to 6 p.m. Sats. 4 p.m.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. La Jeune Peinture de Paris—closing Feb. 4. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

HANOVER Gall., 32a St. George St. W.1. Pntgs. by Magda Cordell until Feb. 3.

VICTORIA & Albert Museum. Anglo-Jewish Art & History 1656-1956. Dly. 10-6. Sun. 2.30-6. Until Feb. 29. 1s., Sat. free.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Paintings by Frank Auerbach.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: The Story of Pharmacy; Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Friday. Adm. Free.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Ten Years of English Landscape Painting (1945-55) 10.30-6. Sats. 10.30-1. Adm. 6d.

PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke St., St. James's, S.W.1. Sculpture by Harpley, Sherrard, Zydower. Gouaches by Bruce Lacey. Drawings by Peter Snow. Open Mon.-Fri. 11-5, Thurs. to 7.30, Sat. 10-1. Jan. 3-28.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

TIEPOLO, Giambattista & Giandomenico. An Exhibition of Drawings & Etchings. Arts Council Gallery. 4 St. James's Sq. S.W.1. Closes Jan. 20. Fri. 10-6. Adm. 1s.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Pntgs. Peter Coker. 10-6 p.m.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Drawings by Else Meidner. Until Feb. 11. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. 142 New Bond Street, W.1.

LEICESTER Gall., Leic. Sq. New Year Exhib. An annual event. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

INDIA Day Public Meeting. 9th Anniversary Indian Independence. Indian Songs and Music, Film Show. Thurs. Jan. 26, 7 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Adm. free. Res. seats 2s. 6d., 1s. Tkts. India League, 47 Strand, W.C.2. TRA. 6465.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Wed., Jan. 25, 8.15. Discussion on "Landscape and the Art of Landscape, 1945-55." Speakers: H. F. Clark, Geoffrey Grigson, Lord Noel Buxton and L. Dudley Stamp. Chair: Christopher Hussey. Mems. 1s. 6d., guests 3s.

THE London Branch of the British-Asian Socialist Fellowship is inaugurating a series of monthly Coffee Hours to be held at The India Club, 41 Craven Street (by Charing X Station). First of these will be on Thurs., Jan. 26, 7.45 p.m. All welc. Guest speaker: Andrew Roth on Malaya. Adm. 1s. 6d.

GORDON Schaffer: "Reality Behind the News." Exhib. Music. B.P.F.S., 81 Portland Pl., W.1, Mon., Jan. 23, at 8. (Rfmts. 5.30-7 & after mtg.) Adm. free. (Accom. limited.)

ADLERIAN Society of Great Britain. "Conventionally Accepted Falsehoods," Paul Rom, L. es L., D.E.S., Thurs., January 26, 7.30 p.m. punctually. Friends' House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Non-members 2s.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. "Fabians and the Labour Party." Jim Raisin. 7.30, Wed., Jan. 25. St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St. W.1. Visitors welc. 2s.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Pk. Gdns., W.11. PAR. 7379. Fri., Jan. 20, at 8. John Lawrence, O.B.E. "The Russian Communist Party To-day." Wed., Jan. 25, at 8. Tatiana Day. (Evg. of Russian songs.) Fri., Jan. 27 at 8. 25th anniversary death Anna Pavlova: Talk by Cleo Nordi.

COMPOSERS' Concourse at St. Cecilia's House, 7 Carlos Place, W.1, on Thurs., Jan. 26, 7.30. Lecture—"The Instrumentalist and the Composer." Malcolm Arnold on "The Brass." Chair.: John Addison. Mems. 2s., non-mems. 3s. Tkts. at door.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, at 6 p.m., January 28. Mlle. Andrée Adelin (Alliance Française): "Dimanche de province."

INDIAN Inst. of Culture, London Br., Fri., Jan. 27, 8.30. Victor Rienaecker: "Karma: The Divine Law." 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2, off Leinster Terrace.

FILM: "Look Mum! Soldiers." Questions, disc. Sun., Jan. 22, 7.30. S.P.G.B., 52, Clapham High St. (Clapham Comm. Tube.)

HIGHGATE Writers—"The Bohemian Convention"—Laura Webb, Jan. 23, at 8. 19, Oakeshott Ave., N.6. New mems. welc.

I.L.P. Public Meeting. "Is Marxism True Today?" Speaker: Jim Graham. Chairman: F. A. Ridley, on Sat., Jan. 21, Alliance Hall, Caxton Street, S.W.1, 2.45 p.m. Adm. 1s.

HALLAM Tennyson: "Unity and Discord Among World Religions," Jan. 22, 11 a.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Adm. free. Free copy "Monthly Record" on request. Chamber Concert, 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d. Handbills on request.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tues., Jan. 24, at 7.15. The Rev. I. Livingstone. "The Essence of Judaism." Adm. free. Collection.

J. H. LLOYD: Ethical Implications of Wage Policy. 783 Finchley Rd., N.W.11, nr. Regal Cin., Golders Gn. Sun. Jan. 22, 7.15.

ASPECTS of Yoga. Talks ev. Sat. 2.30, Jan. 28. "The Philosophy of Yoga." Seymour Hall, Seymour Pl., W.1. Arr. Shanti Sadan.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Wed., Jan. 25, 6.30. Public Lecture, "The Interpretation of Scriptural Texts." Dr. E. Conze. Read "The Middle Way"—2s. 6d. quarterly. Infm.: EUS. 7770. Buddha Jubilee Year 2500 begins 24.5.56.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., Jan. 22, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m., G. R. Dalvi: "The Indian Village; its Community & Life."

PROF. Meyer Schapiro, Ph.D., "Modern American Art" (illus.), Fri. Jan. 27, 8 p.m., Hampstead Town Hall, Hampstead Artists' Coun. Mems. 1s., non-mems. 1s. 6d.

"THE English, are they human?" Anglo-Norwegian debate and supper, price 3s. 6d. 7 p.m., Mon., Jan. 23. Flat 3, 59 Hyde Park Gate. Next door to de Vere Hotel, S.W.7. 'Phone WEStern 5085 beforehand.

PERSONALIST Group. Eva Camac Nickels on "The Psychology of the Sexual Offender," Conway Hall, Thurs., Jan. 26, 7.30 p.m.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled "Corporate Enterprises, Private Property, and Socialism: some reflections on the Soulful Corporation" will be given by Professor Carl Kaysen (Harvard) at 5 p.m on January 26, and February 2, at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

URCHFONT Manor, Spring Courses, Feb. 3-5 "Bird-Watching in Winter" (including fieldwork). Feb. 17-19. "Poets of the 1930's and Poetry Today." Feb. 27-Mar. 2, "Painting in Winter." Mar. 2-4, "Persian Art." Mar. 23-25, "Roman Britain." Easter Course, Mar. 29-April 4, "The Reach of the Mind." Summer programme will include Family Courses, July 28-August 17. Full Programme from The Warden, Urchfont Manor, nr. Devizes, Wilts.

"CREATIVE Thinking," Feb. 10-13; "Thomas Mann," 17-20, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Send card for list crses.

UNIVERSITY of Durham Institute of Education. The Institute offers a one-year full-time course to experienced serving teachers in primary schools. The next course will begin in September, 1956. Teachers who are accepted are eligible for secondment on full salary. Teachers who are interested should apply to Miss Mary Atkinson, M.A., Institute of Education, 19 Leazes Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All foreign languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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DEVELOPMENTS in India and the Middle East are discussed by R. Palme Dutt in the January "Labour Monthly." Also: "The Trade that Butler Stops" (John Eaton), etc. Order now 1s. 6d. all newsagents or 9s. post free sub. from NS.134 Ballards Lane, N.3.

SOCIALIST Policy. You should read Fred Henderson's new pamphlet, The Monetary System in Relation to the Welfare State. 1s. 1½d. post free. Reduction for quantities. Barham, 29 Trinity Church Sq., S.E.1.

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